

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 24, 1941

WHO'S WHO

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT, Deputy Industrial Commissioner, New York State Department of Labor, is habitually opposed to any secretive disposition as to the powerful social teachings of the Church. Readers recall his scholarly articles on the wage problem. His argument here for an ethical approach to the war issues is in line with that same disposition. . . . JOHN LAFARGE is always interested in seeing what happens when you follow a suggestion to its logical conclusion. Approving of Mr. Schmidt's proposal, he draws therefrom certain corollaries. These, in turn, impose certain urgent decisions upon the personal lives of Catholics. . . . HENRY WATTS, AMERICA's librarian and veteran contributor, could not be suppressed, even were it attempted, from letting his varied erudition periodically bubble through. Study of the prosaic Catholic Directory reveals to him an inspiring picture of the progress and structure of the Church in this country. . . . EILEEN EGAN, graduate of Hunter College, New York, and member of the Catholic Evidence Guild, has contributed former articles on Portugal. She has shown herself an acute student of affairs in the Iberian Peninsula. . . . CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER is pen-name for an army officer of long experience and national reputation. He has frequently shown a gift of explaining technical matters simply. . . . MARK BARRON is a teacher at Fenwick College, Oak Park, Ill.

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COMMENT

THE SENATE, by a three to one vote, adopted the bill authorizing the Government to seize foreign ships tied up, because of the war, in American harbors. A week before, the House authorized the measure two to one. President Roosevelt has a grant of power, whereby he is enabled to purchase, charter, requisition and take possession of some 2,000,000 tons of idle foreign merchant ships. In addition to the Italian and German ships already in custody, the *Normandie* and some ten other French vessels were boarded by Coast Guards, as a protective measure. The vessels, according to the Congressional bill, are not in reality "seized"; they are to be paid for. They are to be used for trade between the United States and Spanish America. It is significant that a resolution forbidding the transfer of these vessels to a belligerent power was defeated in the Senate. It must have been understood by all the members of the Senate and the House that American ships now plying between the two American continents could be released for other purposes, if these foreign ships could be put into service. The so-called ship-seizure bill is a logical development from the Lease-Lend bill. It is another step along the way, another move in the grim, almost inevitable tragedy of war. We shall learn, in due time, under the proper circumstances, the sequels. They may lead to peace, through defense of the United States. They seem to point toward war.

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RADIO debates on the Vinson bill, which prescribes a cooling-off period for labor disputes, are not particularly reassuring. There was a thoroughly excited one the other evening, in which George Meany, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, and Congressman Healey, of Massachusetts, crossed swords with Representatives Clare Hoffman, Cox, and Starnes. Disturbing was the fact that the contestants were at odds as to the primary issue involved in the whole industrial situation. The Vinson bill advocates insisted that production was paramount above all else in the present crisis. Mr. Meany maintained just as persistently that the primary issue, which must never be lost sight of, is the workingman's own personal worth and freedom, and that productive efficiency cannot be made an excuse for productive slavery. The labor argument would not admit that it shortened production; the industrial argument disclaimed the idea of slavery. Wild assertions were made, of readiness to draft all labor, all business in the interests of production. Dire hints were laid of labor's disgust with attempts at suppression. Greatly to be desired, at this moment, is a thoughtful, human appraisal of the situation by men who have basic principles in common.

SWISS Guards at the Vatican do not enjoy, in these days, an opportunity to smite anyone over the head with their picturesque halberds. Their duties are peaceful, their demeanor stately. But occasionally a break comes in the monotony. As for instance in May, 1938, when Hitler visited the Duce in Rome and the walls of the city were plastered with *W (Viva) Il Fuehrer!* Standing guard at the portal of the newly opened building of the Vatican picture galleries, a Swiss Guard found himself confronted by a six-foot Nazi desiring admission, with a couple of companions. "Have you a permit?" asked the Guard, politely. The Nazi flushed, grubbed anxiously around his uniform, but produced no permit. "*Tut's Leid*, I am sorry," said the Guard, "but no entry without a permit." "I am Rudolf Hess, chief of the Nazi party," cried the six-footer, "and you surely cannot refuse me admission." "My orders," said the Swiss, "are: no one in the gallery without a permit. I am very sorry, Herr Hess, but you cannot enter." Telling the story a few days later to an American ecclesiastic, the Guard observed, with glee: "That, Your Reverence, was the happiest moment of my life!"

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WARMER welcomes were extended to Herr Hess at this subsequent visit to Scotland. Indeed, his present hosts are so charmed by his presence that they bid him tarry indefinitely. Explanations as to why he came are already so numerous as to make us dizzy. We have no sure way of ascertaining whether his flight was dictated by moral revolt, political dissent, astrology, super-espionage or escape from the firing-squad. One conjecture, however, seems as sound as any other: to the effect that exigencies of the war forced Hitler to abandon what shreds of social principle the National Socialist program still retained and, by the same token, gather still more utterly all power into his arbitrary hands. This is the course of innumerable dictators, ancient as well as modern. Simplest example is the career of Stalin. The "purge" is the logical result of any continued dictatorship. But the dictator who summons the purge summons with it a grim attendant: treachery to his cause on the part of those who fear its consequences.

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OVER the German radio in 1934, Rudolf Hess proclaimed: "Woe to him who clumsily bungles Der Fuehrer's strategic plans, with hope of good results!" But what happens when the Fuehrer himself begins to bungle, when the strategic plans involve abandonment of party promises, when doubt and uncertainty affect his closest followers? When his only escape is to concentrate more and more of power into his own hand? What if immense

powers should be entrusted to a nation's rulers and then found to be exercised confusedly and to no sound purpose? Could revolting public opinion be suppressed? The alternatives are not pleasant to contemplate. Hitler today faces alternatives that he is doubtless strong enough—for the time being at least—powerfully to overcome, for his resources are incalculable, and signs of the much-talked-of "crack up" are still faint and dubious. But he would not have had to face those alternatives had he kept his country out of war. If we keep our nation out of further implications in the war we, for our part, will not have to face similar alternatives. But if we go deeper into it the same problems may present themselves to us that Hitler now experiences. If we wish no surprises *à la* Hess, let us not give occasion for them by creating circumstances like those from which he may have been trying to escape.

POETRY, like Heaven, has many mansions, and sometimes, when we tire a bit of the regal splendors of the castles, it is good and human to drop in on the humbler cottages, where the welcoming fires are warm. Such a heart-warming fire has been kept glowing for over thirty years by Mr. Thomas A. Daly, who celebrates, on May 28, his seventieth birthday. His poems, during all that time, have been, to quote a review of his volume, *Carmina*, which appeared in *AMERICA* for April 24, 1909, "cheerful and true." His fame rests largely, perhaps, on his dialect verse, but his true success "is due to the truth and insight of the sketch he gives us, rather than to the dialect he employs." Anyone who can say

My favorite poet? I'll rejoice
And tread this old earth gaily
As long as I can hear the voice
Of T. A. Daly,

thereby speaks volumes about his own simplicity and human-kindness. Congratulations to Mr. Daly, and may his soul be always, as he says in his fine sonnet, *Easter Eve*, "eloquent of Christ."

IN odd moments of late, a priest with an inquiring mind busied himself with a simple question. He asked of various lay persons he knew, how many of them ever had the opportunity, or found it, to engage in conversation about the spiritual life or religion with persons who were versed in those subjects. He made the discovery that there was hardly anybody did not relish such a conversation from time to time, provided it were not of a didactic or controversial nature. Most of them imagined it was impossible, and were agreeably surprised when they found they could talk about religion, about God and Our Lord and sacred matters, quite as simply and naturally as they talk about ordinary matters of weather, business, sport or politics; and that the conversations were quite as absorbing, if not more so. But most of those interrogated admitted that it was an unusual experience. Some confessed that the quest of such opportunity had

drawn them into the dubious realm of the Buchmanite groups. Since there was no ready invitation in the Father's house, they sought it abroad. It occurred, then, to this same priest that here was a field far too little explored. Jeremiads are uttered over the lack of lay leaders; over the delinquencies of parents. But lay leaders can be formed by intimate conversation on serious matters with a spiritual-minded priest; and parents will learn many a lesson in such informal talk that will vainly be thundered at them from the pulpit.

READING, as well as reveille and rifles, is one of the interests of the boys in the camps. Many agencies are trying to provide matter to satisfy this interest, and that Catholic efforts in this direction cannot be allowed to decline, is made manifest by an announcement in *The Publishers' Weekly* for May 10 that one New York bookstore is getting up "Patriotic Packages" for the trainees. Some of these collections of reading matter are not so bad, but the \$10 packet contains a current number of *Esquire*, the novels *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Of Human Bondage*, and the *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*. Such a concoction is certainly far from being elevating, and we wonder how it is possible to build up the morale of the troops while such sweet poisons as these are tainting their morals. Good reading is still needed in the camps. Have you helped the Help the Chaplains' Fund by sending your check?

QUITE a bit of propaganda, remarked a veteran book publisher, can be pursued through an index. Those who are wise at the game know that readers of serious books usually turn to the index to see what topics are treated and what persons are mentioned. When they read, for instance, in the listing: "WINE (or Wines), 17; 25; 56; 108-134; 178; 206. Cf. Bars; Burgundy; Clarets; Drinking; Goblets; Mosel; Vineyards; Wineries," etc., they conclude that the publication has no message for prohibitionists. "Smith, J.," who happens to be mentioned among fifty other mortals in a minor footnote finds himself elevated to the immortals when listed in the index. Just as neatly you can snub the mighty by adroitly omitting their names or consigning them to a mere cross-reference. Propaganda achieved, however, by *AMERICA*'s topical semi-annual Index, which you get by writing for it, is straight propaganda for *AMERICA*. You need it if you bind your old issues. We suggest to those who are possessors of the Index just to run over its headings, column by column, and watch the effect on your imagination. Even if you are a hardened librarian, we believe you will develop a mild intoxication from the multitude and variety of topics treated, the array of authors, the procession of books reviewed, the exhibits, plays and films that have taken their bow on *AMERICA*'s literary stage. Our Review's subtlest propagandist is the scholarly gentleman who does this piece of compiling.

DEFINE the Sulpicians: good topic for your next religion quiz. For your help, the answer is: "A body of secular priests bound not by vows but by a gentleman's agreement to spend their lives and talents in the education of seminarians." There are now 550 Sulpicians, active in France, Canada and China as well as in this country. Tribute was paid on April 26, at the Catholic University of America, to the Sulpicians who came to Baltimore 150 years ago. One of the greatest glories of this zealous, learned and self-sacrificing body of men is that they have stuck with unparalleled fidelity to their original purpose, the education of seminarians, refusing many a tempting offer to deviate therefrom.

DURING her years on earth, Our Lady undertook at least six long and arduous journeys. From time immemorial, remembrance of her travels has caused her to be honored as Our Lady of the Wayside, or of the Highway. Today she is invoked under that title as Patron of motorists. A new medal has been struck to this effect, and the Notre Dame Institute, of Worcester, Mass., spreads a leaflet reminding us that innumerable spiritual disasters as well as the 36,000 annually slain on the highways call for her intercession and protection.

FOLLOWING are some items from a statement concerning the position of the Catholic Church in German-occupied Alsace, made on April 2 by the Radio Vatican. The Napolenoic Concordat is no longer recognized. The Church raises its own support, though until the new system functions, the State pays the priests moderate salaries. The Bishop of Strasbourg remains in non-occupied France. The Bishop of Metz is expelled from his bishopric. Strasbourg Cathedral is closed to public worship. Education is completely secularized; teaching Sisterhoods and male Religious teachers are dismissed. Hitler Youth and the League of German Girls are compulsory for all children from ten years onward. All Catholic organizations are disbanded and the Catholic press suppressed. The Episcopal Seminary is closed.

ONE of Holland's foremost artists—muralist and creator of stained-glass—is Joep Nicolas, now permanently in this country. Some of the joyful work of Mr. Nicolas and his wife was exhibited recently at the Parzinger Galleries in New York City. The path of the Catholic artist, says Mr. Nicolas, was as discouraging ten years ago in Holland as it is today in the United States: the same isolation of religion from daily cultural life, the same indifference on the part of great Catholic popular movements. The tide in his own instance turned when, curiously enough, he "crashed" the sanctum of Dutch Calvinism at Delft with his immense window to Hugo Grotius. American artists find indications that the tide is beginning to turn here.

THROUGH the efforts of the distinguished Dutch prelate, Archbishop Gijlswijk, Apostolic Delegate to South Africa, the Government of that country has ordered the release of 150 interned priests and

Brothers. All "enemy-alien" missionaries will be allowed to continue their services, under certain restrictions. In England, nine priests have been killed in the air raids. The Catholic Cathedral of St. George, in Southwark, designed by A. Welby Pugin, has been wrecked to the deep sorrow of Southwark's Bishop, the Most. Rev. Peter E. Amigo.

UNOBTRUSIVELY, classes in art appreciation are springing up around the country and thereby lifting bans that made really good art something esoteric for the common man. The College of Notre Dame in Maryland, for instance, announces courses in Christian art to be conducted this summer by the Rev. Maurice A. Couturier, O.P., French Dominican, editor of *Art Sacre* (Paris), mural painter, and designer of stained glass in Chartres and Notre Dame of Paris Cathedrals.

TRIBUTE to the Rev. George Nell, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Island Grove, Ill., is paid in the *Extension Service Review*, published by the United States Department of Agriculture. In the twenty-one years Father Nell has been stationed in Jasper Coutry, Ill., he has led the rural folk in his area to a more prosperous and happier existence; while he has greatly deepened the spiritual character of his parish. Keynote of his project is a combination of recreational and social activities with serious discussion of problems among farmers and organization along corporative lines.

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S emotional and bellicose utterances have not helped to clarify thought. But they do not furnish sufficient reason to pour particular scorn upon her recent venture in attempting to formulate the basis of "a new society." Some credit, one would think, might be given her for hitting upon a remarkably Catholic line of expression and thought. From the standpoint of Catholic ethics there is little to criticize in her proposals as to the nature of freedom, the use of natural resources, the essential need of work, the irrationality of restricting production, the organic, "integrated" or "orchestrated" character of society, the composite nature of man.

FOR the fifty-fourth consecutive time, Miss Mary V. Merrick, of Washington, D.C., was elected president of the Christ Child Society. This physically helpless invalid-apostle for over a half a century has brought the highest type of aid to hundreds of poor and needy children of the District of Columbia and the vicinity, through relief, health and character-building for the love of the Christ Child. Last year the Society's convalescent home gave 134 days' care to 12,768 young patients; serviced 715 children in its dental clinic; provided 2,127 clinical visits. A total of 150 white girls were cared for in the Society's camps and fifty colored girls; while 352 boys were aided in the Merrick Boys Camp. For destitute children, 427 layettes were made; 2,000 garments provided for needy children; and 2,125 Christmas gifts sent to "forgotten children."

POLITICS AND ETHICS SEPARATE IN TRAGIC DIVORCE

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

THE tragedy of naturalistic humanism is that it has isolated man from the supernatural and the suprarational. It deludes men into believing that man *alone* and *by himself* accomplishes his own salvation, achieves his own destiny. Marx was the most logical humanist of this belief. He preached a salvation without God and a destiny without prayer or pity. A less logical humanist is one who puts religion and "ought" on the shelf when they get in the way of great decisions . . . but uses them as amenities of culture on *proper* occasions. For these people, there is no such thing as genuine sanctification of the temporal and the profane. You cannot mix oil and water. Conduct may be a matter of natural virtue and Grace; but Grace must keep its place and not grow bothersome. Men must make great decisions at times without benefit of morality or the chaste intangibilities of religion. One must recognize the unfortunate opposition between life and intelligence.

It is as if they said: "The Beatitudes, the Evangelical Counsels, prayers, miracles, the supernatural verities, Grace, the sense of sin, the need for penance, asceticism and the way of the Cross, contemplation and mysticism—all these must not interfere with living or with the necessity of coming to decisions that are man's business alone."

This habit of locking religion and morality in a closet when there is work to be done is old stuff. We see it in the conduct of many witnesses and parties in law suits, in the higgling and hawking of the market, in labor disputes, in advertising, in much ambition for wealth, in campaigns for political power. Most of all one sees it in the conduct of men and nations contemplating, entering and finishing *wars*. Here the divorce that cripples man-centered humanism gapes widest today in our country.

I was reminded of this as I read the words of a Catholic who recently addressed the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations:

It seems to me clear that what we should do is to act only for our own advantage and to be stampeded by no one. We should act on Monday according to our best advantage on Monday; on Tuesday according to our best advantage on Tuesday. . . . If it is our advantage to declare war, we should declare war, but otherwise not.

Of course I do not know what Colonel Donovan had in mind by that sibylline ambiguity, "our advantage." His rationalization seems to lean heavily on opportunism and temporalities.

No truth is too often repeated, if it is never sufficiently learned, as Seneca (I believe) long ago observed. Men still say "we have no king but Caesar" because the primacy of ethics over politics remains too abstract a truth to hitch to the sensible mass of cannon, national advantage or everyday events. On the subject of national advantage a Hitler can be as oracular as a Donovan.

I quoted the words of the last named gentleman because they are so typical of all we hear and read about the United States and war. They illustrate the memorable words of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen:

. . . to modern times with its passion for divorce has been reserved the dubious distinction of separating both politics and economics from ethics. Once . . . politics became divorced from ethics, expediency was identified with justice.

But if Catholic doctrine recognizes the subordination of politics to ethics, it also recognizes a subordination of ethics to theology. In the same way, music is subordinated to, and in a sense depends on, arithmetic for some of its basic principles; and the science of perspective depends on geometry.

Here is how Maritain describes the "average Christian opinion" on this point:

On the one hand, this opinion sometimes manifests, even in the case of people whose faith is otherwise vital, a tendency to treat temporal things or things of "civil life"—especially politics and social life—viewed *separately* and without sufficient reference to the light of theology—as if our Saviour had never come.

On the other hand, average Christian opinion sometimes shows (even with people who in other respects have a desire for Christian perfection) a tendency to neglect in the things of the spiritual life . . . the proper ends and the proper goods . . . of the human and temporal order . . . (*Science and Wisdom*, pp. 219, 220).

Perhaps the gravest political and moral question fitfully, frightfully and somewhat dishonestly confronting the American conscience today is: Shall the United States go to war? It confronts us as well *individually* as nationally, because individually we have contributions to make toward the formulation and articulation of public opinion.

I said "fitfully," because discussion of the question is rarely objective, methodic or scientific. It is emotional and intermittent, subsiding when *some* speeches are made and erupting when we hear *other* harangues, or when we are presented with official conduct or *faits accomplis* more indicative than words. The fitfulness is increased by that

whistling-in-the-dark attitude which seeks to wish away an ominous presence by strenuously thinking of a dozen side-issues.

I said "frightfully" because even for one who is no pacifist, war is so horrifying that it seems to grow by what it feeds on. It has settled nothing in modern times. It has endowed generations with hate and has decayed with cynicism and monstrous despair the young green shoots by which hope eternally grows. Listen:

I am young; I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how peoples are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains of the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring. And all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world, see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and came before them and proffered our account? What do they expect of us if a time ever comes when the war is over? Through the years our business has been killing—it was our first calling in life. Our knowledge of life is limited to death. What will happen afterward? And what shall come out of us? (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, p. 266)

Hitler happened afterward; and Nazism came out of them.

I said "dishonestly," because the question of the United States' participation in this war has not been put to us directly. On the contrary, the un-withdrawn assurances, the still unrepudiated promises, the yet unqualified solemn asseverations of political leadership are and all along have been arrayed against war.

"All men," said the author of *The Following*, "desire peace, but very few desire the things which make for peace." Thus we prate of peace and sidle toward war by legislative steps, by diplomatic *démarches*, by implicit attitudes and by the eloquence of official conduct.

Besides, discussion smacks of dishonesty where it has nothing whatever to do with decisive intentions. The decision to go to war is not democratically made. We will be told—as citizens the world over all through history have been told—where our duty lies. And we will obey. It will not be the moralists, but the military, who will command. Politicians—not priests or Popes, or even Gallup polls—declare war, or order it waged without declaration. People will be saying it is a purely political decision—not moral or religious—and it is the kind of political decision on which individual opinions will not be solicited. They will divorce politics from morality and theology (such antique superstition, anyway) or they will act for a while as if religion and duty are the totality of that service which we render to military victory.

Until that time (from which Providence protect us), we may write and talk freely, within the limits of the love of God and man. Indeed, we *must*, or we shirk duty. Otherwise, we pander to the despair that tempts: "Let them stay in books, those glib, euphonic generalities of ethics and moral theology. They have no relation to men who sweat

and are impassioned. Do not handicap vital surges with abstractions."

Obviously, it would not be too helpful if, while we are able to deduce from the natural law the general moral criteria of a "just war," we are always condemned to an inability to *apply* those criteria. A *just war* requires a *just cause*. True. But what then? Is it usurpation for a moralist to go further? Is the definition of "just cause," in the concrete logic of history, to be the exclusive monopoly of pragmatists and politicians?

Must ethics, out of deference or because it lacks jingoist emotional appeal, be silent and neglected in times of stress and national exasperation? Whether the answer is for or against war (and I am unable to see how it can be for war), we have not had for our guidance, a moral analysis and application which is adequate to our times and circumstances.

The choice is limited. Either our going to war is a problem in morals (as well as in military prudence, statesmanship, etc.) or it is not. If it is *not*, then a lot of moralizing by Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Suarez and others in their tradition is wasted or sterile. If it is, we need the counsels of moralists and casuists as well as those of editors, diplomats, politicians, international lawyers, admirals, generals, refugees and British spokesmen. But the moralists and casuists are strangely silent. They are not telling us how to interpret, in our present situation, such notions as "just cause," "right intention," "failure of other means than war," etc.

I am not asking moral theologians, in their priestly or episcopal capacities, to concretize these generalities. That is not their function. Nor am I suggesting that there is only one, dogmatic and indisputable way to apply to the singular events of our time, the timeless principles of the natural law regarding a just war.

But I am asking lay Catholics, conscious of the reach of their Faith into the fabric of every-day life, not to check the moral principles implicit and explicit in that Faith at the doors of the tribunals or parlors where they argue the fateful question "War or no war?" When they discuss the pregnant actualities and temporalities of the city of men, they ought to use the light of the City of God. Moral angles and applications deserve at least the same sifting and close scrutiny as any learned explication of "our advantages," "economic welfare," "foreign trade," "sphere of influence," "national honor," "vital interests," "level of living," "democratic way of life," "civilization" and a dozen other generalities subject to diverse and dubious meanings. In contemplating war, I ask that ethics and religious impacts be professedly appraised.

Otherwise there is no escape from the dualism which dissociates the things of this world from the things of God. Otherwise there can be no primacy of the spiritual. Certainly in means which repudiate or neglect that primacy we can have no reason to hope for deliverance from our many afflictions. Perhaps the worst evil that now scourges the world is the separation of politics from morality and Divine law.

ARE NATIONAL AFFAIRS CASES OF CONSCIENCE?

JOHN LaFARGE

SOME ten years ago, more or less, a distinguished national organization conducted its annual meeting in New York City. Discussions were held upon the second floor of the home of the Catholic Club, at 120 Central Park, South. (Let me in parenthesis shed a tear for the passing of that stately, hospitable edifice, with its superb Catholic library and its innumerable memories of wit and wisdom.) Into the lobby of the club strayed a mighty local politician, successor to still mightier men, but like some of them, a Catholic. He sensed at once that something unusual was in the air; and being unusual, it was suspicious. A few minutes passed before he could quite get his bearings. Finally he summoned the desk clerk and inquired: "What is that going on upstairs?"

Said the clerk, with bated breath: "That, sir, is a meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace."

"The Catholic *what?*"

The clerk repeated.

"God help us!" In complete disgust he sank blankly into the nearest chair.

The attitude of this great man is the best commentary I can think of on the question raised by New York State's Deputy Industrial Commissioner, Godfrey P. Schmidt, in the preceding article. Mr. Schmidt argues that the issues contained in our relation to the present European war must be judged in the light of Catholic moral teaching. Mr. Schmidt proves his point, I believe, unassailably.

Since the Church possesses her doctrines on peace and war, our only logical course is to apply these doctrines to the present issues and base our personal decisions upon the conclusions.

This is readily stated, but its full bearing may be lost if we pass over some pertinent matters that follow as a corollary.

It is not easy for Catholics, in our time and country, to form habits of applying the moral teachings of the Faith to such matters as peace and war. This means applying the Faith and all that it implies to the entire field of human relations. For most of us this is an unaccustomed and disturbing effort.

We find it hard enough, for instance, to govern by the virtue of theological charity dealings with members of our own immediate family or with persons whom we meet in intimate daily contact. However, we manage to rise to the occasion. We help those who are in evident distress; we refrain from injuring those whose conduct would normally rouse us to anger. We are thankful that we can attain this much virtue and self-control.

But when our Faith calls upon us to practise

justice and charity toward whole millions of persons whom we have never seen, toward peoples and nations quite as much as toward individuals, it is placing a rather heavy strain upon our Christianity. A novel and disturbing point of view is presented. We thought that the practice of our religion applied only to Sundays and Holy Days. Now we find that it works for all seven days of the week and all weeks of the year. We thought that its scope ended with our local parish: support of the pastor, church and school. Now our religion informs us of duties to farmers in Argentina or suffering families in the occupied countries.

A serious question thus arises as to who is the really practical Catholic layman. Candidates for public office rely cheerfully upon the testimony of their local pastor or local Ordinary, that they fulfil all the Church's requirements in this regard. Armed with such recommendations, they repel indignantly any suggestion that they fall short of the full Catholic ideal. But here come a series of new complications. If war issues become matters of conscience, so do other issues involving human relationships: our attitudes on industrial and economic matters, on race relations, come into question. These things can no longer be judged by the simple standard of business or political expediency. They have turned into questions of conscience.

Suppose we press this matter to its logical conclusion. It means that the question of war and peace will make its way into the confessional. If we have knowingly violated ethical standards which are indisputably part of Catholic teaching, these violations must be confessed and repented of quite as definitely as more ordinary sins of a strictly personal nature.

This is difficult at any time, but it is doubly difficult when the issues are beclouded by constant and vehement appeals to motives which are not drawn from the Faith and have little connection with it. Fear, self-interest, political or social loyalty, conformity with the group we live and move with, all present themselves as the real elements that force our decisions.

Hardest of all to grasp is the point that each of us, sooner or later, must make his own personal decision if right and justice are to triumph in this world. No one can fully make that decision for you. The Church can give you the principles. Capable scholars can help you with the facts. Discussion with your friends can enlighten many an obscure point. Your spiritual adviser can enable you to look more objectively on personal problems, provided he knows your temperament and circumstances. But your final decision must be made in the secret recesses of your own heart. If it is to be a true decision, it will be made after long and insistent prayer, after calling upon the Holy Spirit to guide in the formation of your conscience. And it must be made after the heart is purified of many a disorder of vanity, hatred, egotism, laziness and cowardice or ambition.

Your decision has to be weighed in its fullest consequences: not just the satisfaction you obtain by enunciating it in debate, but what it means

when you carry it out to the last bitter end: to the possible loss of position, to the penalty of ridicule, misunderstanding, even the dislike or hatred of good men. It may involve your friends, your family and children, your personal safety.

Is this too heavy a yoke to place on the neck of the average Catholic? We are constantly reminded how chary the Church is of placing burdens upon her children which are too difficult for them to bear; how the Church is patient with her children's customs, prejudices, ingrained habits of dealing with fellow-men. She will pass over many a failing in the attempt to secure the one essential which is the salvation of souls. Is it rigoristic, therefore, to place a strict obligation upon the ordinary man-in-the-street to make up his individual conscience on issues of peace and war? To demand of him the careful study, the dispassionate balancing of right and wrong, the firm acceptance of heroic duty which such a decision implies?

This question I leave for the moralists to decide. I grant that no small amount of labor and self-sacrifice is necessary to unravel the full truth in the matter of international morality. The hard fact remains, however, that Catholic neglect of these studies, whether through apathy, sloth or indifference, has left us bereft at present of a weapon which, if properly handled, could save the lives of millions of our fellow human beings.

Up to the present time, the study and discussion of international ethics has been looked upon by the majority of Catholics in this country as a mere luxury for a few enthusiasts; a subject, at the best, for amused comment by those whose time was occupied by other and presumably more important matters. If mistakes were made by those who did find the time for such discussions, these mistakes were joyfully seized upon, but little or no attempt was made to undertake the long and serious labor of ascertaining the genuine doctrine in place of these mistakes. The few special publications which presented to the public the traditional teaching of the Church and the conclusions of her theologians had to be financed—for complete lack of general reader interest—in great measure by non-Catholic contributions.

"In the midst of a humanity which seems almost unable to make up its mind whether it should recognize and entrust the primacy of action and decision of its own destinies to the sword or to the noble reign of law, to reason or to force" (Pope Pius XII to the College of Cardinals, June 2, 1939), a genuine Catholic should be willing to undergo the labor necessary for making up his own mind.

The attitude of the honorable statesman in the club lobby may have seemed at the time to himself, as to others, the course of practical common sense. "Let governments attend to these things and the Church mind her business!" With governments now in mad confusion, the Church's "business" is to recall those truths of international justice and charity which alone can save the world from destruction. It is only practical common sense that while it is still daylight we open her volumes and read the message they contain.

THE CHURCH'S GROWTH IN MULTI-MILLIONS

HENRY WATTS



DOWN in the catacombs of the editorial office, where AMERICA preserves works of reference, there is a collection of volumes which has accumulated dust and dignity throughout the years. This collection is not unique: as a matter of fact, there are more perfect collections in other libraries. But as far as it goes, this collection consists of a set of volumes of Catholic directories of the Church in the United States. The *lacunae* are many, but there is one book that goes back somewhere about the year 1851.

It is quite a small volume, not much bigger than a prayer book: something that could easily be slipped into a handbag. And it contains all the information that applied to the Catholic Church in the United States in those days.

But today it takes a ponderous volume of some 1,133 pages or more of closely printed type just to enumerate in the barest of statistics what the position of the Catholic Church in the United States now is. This is the *Official Catholic Directory*, which has just been published, and which tells us that in the United States, Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands there are now 22,293,101 Catholics: that is to say, 889,965 more than when the figures were published in 1940.

Translated into percentages, and we all love percentages, what these figures mean is that out of every group of six persons, at least one is a Catholic. And quite apart from the enormous increase in Catholic membership during a single year, there must be some specific reason to account for the extraordinary growth and progress which the Catholic Church has made in the United States. To account for that progress it is necessary to look for both natural and supernatural reasons. As to the supernatural causes, that is something better left to the theologians. But regarding the natural reasons, the *Official Catholic Directory* gives about the best indication (provided you look for it) that anyone could hope to find.

Among these natural causes, there are two which seem to call for particular attention. The first is the freedom of religion, which is one of the fundamental principles of Americanism. The second is the enormous influx of immigrants of the Catholic Faith who had come across the seas to find religious and political liberty in the United States.

And this growth of the Catholic Church in our country is all the more remarkable, when it is remembered that at the American Revolution the Church had to begin almost at scratch. In places, religious freedom was allowed in some of the Colonies; but on the whole the Catholics were more or less a penalized and obscure body.

Yet how do we stand in this Year of Our Lord 1941? There are twenty metropolitan or archiepiscopal sees in the continental United States, and 122 Bishops. Serving in these dioceses there are 35,839 priests, both of the Religious Orders and those subject to diocesan Bishops. The total number of churches with priests is 19,121; though that does not by any means exhaust the number of chapels, mission stations and convent chapels served by priests.

In 201 seminaries there are no fewer than 17,507 young men training for the Catholic ministry. 7,660 parishes have their own schools, attended by something like 2,017,094 pupils, which means an enormous saving to the state educational authorities and a corresponding financial burden on the loyal Catholics, because a Catholic parochial school cannot be run on faith alone—it takes money even to do that! Moreover, there are 13,224 churches with resident priests, and an additional 5,897 missions attended from parish centers.

But the really amazing thing about the Catholic Church in the United States, something which, so it would seem, distinguishes it from the Church in any other part of the world except, perhaps, in the Eternal City itself, is its pentecostal character. Of course we are all Roman Catholics, in the sense that all of us are spiritual subjects of the Roman Pontiff. But according to Rite we are by no means all of us *Roman* Catholics, which is a roundabout way of saying that not all Catholics in the United States belong to the Roman or Latin Rite. It was Pope Leo XIII who declared that the Church is Catholic, not Latin, and nowhere is that more obvious than in the United States.

As Gerard B. Donnelly, S.J., very pointedly showed in his series of articles in this Review a couple of years or so ago, there are many groups of Catholics in this country who are as Catholic as the Pope himself, but who do not offer their liturgical worship as the Pope does or as we do; who do not use Latin in their services, and do not belong to the Roman or Latin Rite.

These Catholics of the Eastern or non-Latin Rites have two Bishops of the Ukrainian Greek Rite, who exercise jurisdiction in 17 States. The Magyar and Croat Catholics, who also follow one of the Oriental Rites, have a Bishop of their own, whose episcopal city is Pittsburgh, but whose jurisdiction extends throughout 13 States. And both these Oriental groups have not only their own clergy of their Rite, but have their own Religious Orders. They have 186 schools, which are attended by more than twenty thousand pupils. The extent of their progress is shown in the fact that only a few weeks ago the first Slovenian monastery in the United States was inaugurated in the archiepiscopal province of Chicago.

Three of our archdioceses have a Catholic population in excess of a million: Chicago, 1,536,100; Boston, 1,500,382; New York, 1,004,173. But Greater New York takes the lead, with an additional 962,063 Catholics in the diocese of Brooklyn.

Apart from all these localized Catholics, whether Latins or Orientals, there is another considerable

body of Catholics in the United States subject to the Military Ordinariate. These comprise all the Catholics who are on active duty in the Military and Naval Services of the United States. They have their own Ordinary, the Archbishop of New York, who is Military Vicar of the United States Army and Navy Chaplains. He is assisted by a Military Delegate, the Most Rev. John Francis O'Hara. In the enlisted forces of the United States there are 361 Catholic chaplains, who have the care of some 238,000 Catholic men in the service of their country.

The distribution of Catholics over the country follows no plan: for instance, the Atlantic seaboard cannot be said to have larger Catholic communities than any other part of the United States. However, here is something to think upon: one fifth of the entire Catholic population of the country is of Polish birth or of Polish extraction. *Vivat Polonia!*

As to numbers, there are seven States of the Union which can boast of a Catholic population of one million or more. New York is in the lead with seven dioceses and a Catholic population in excess of three million. Next comes Pennsylvania, with more than two million Catholics spread over six dioceses. California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, all have Catholic populations well over the million mark.

At the little end of the scale is the State of North Carolina, with one diocese and the Prelature *Nullius* of Belmont, accounting for 11,561 Catholics. This is the lowest figure. Nevada, with the single diocese of Reno, counts 12,133; and Utah, which State comprises the diocese of Salt Lake City, has 17,117 Catholics.

But when you get down to the facts about the extraordinary growth of the Catholic Church in the United States, there is the record of conversions to the Faith. During the year 1940-41, no fewer than 76,705 converts were received into the Church, which represents an increase of 3,028 more converts than during the previous year 1939-40. These, the most recent figures, represent an all-time record; possibly more than a record, because conversion to the Faith means something very much more than ordinary church membership. For, after all, reception into the Catholic Church has greater significance, involves a wider responsibility, than just simple adherence or membership in any one of the multitudinous religious sects.

So this is how we stand religiously. Out of the 22,293,101 Catholics of the United States who are in communion with the Apostolic See of Rome, there are of the Ruthenian, Magyar and Croatian Rites 260,627, and of the Ukrainian Oriental Rites 293,050: a total of 653,677 who are Catholics but not Latins. So who shall say that Rome (meaning the Apostolic See) attempts to regiment all its spiritual subjects into a single liturgical mold? Though, for that matter, even the Latins have a diversity of Uses, which while uniform in the use of the Latin language for their worship, differ in details of the many liturgical forms that prevail in the more ancient of the monastic Orders.

GRIM HORSEMEN SOON MAY RIDE OUT OF PROSTRATE SPAIN

EILEEN EGAN

IN Spain one hears mention of *Hispanidad* and of *Españolismo* as key points of Spain's future policy. They are big words, in scope and intention, and reach out to include not only Spain and Spanish Africa, but any part of the world that owes its foundation, its culture, and language to Spanish enterprise and initiative. This, of course, includes all the countries of South America with the exception of Brazil, founded by Spain's neighbor in the Iberian Peninsula. Americans, hearing these words—more often than not through second-hand sources—become seriously alarmed. They seize on the word *Hispanidad* and read into it implications for the policy of the United States. Spain, they say, is preparing to exert a political influence on her former colonies. The extremists assert that Spain has dreams of forcing the countries of South America to return to her domination and paint a picture of Imperial Spain running rampant over nations long free. But the most pressing and disturbing argument reiterated for American ears is that persons of Spanish nationality working in South America will spread Fascist ideas and cause a weakening of all plans for hemisphere defense emanating from the United States. Spain is a menace, runs the propaganda.

In the past, Spain was the victim of the great, world-encircling *leyenda negra*, the black legend, which taught that inside the benighted country there was nothing but black superstition and the burnings of the Inquisition. The black legend, arising out of the bitterness of the Reformation, worked to conceal the fact that Spain had great scientists, writers, universities, Saints, and forgot to mention that the brutal side of her colonizing was only a very small aspect of one of the greatest civilizing and evangelizing projects the world has ever known.

Naturally, Spanish history has its seamy side, as has the history of England, Germany, and even the United States. Yet no one writes the history of our country by describing in detail how we killed the Indians, by jumping to a detailed account of our witch burnings, to finish up with a few representative lynchings. No country on the globe has had such a corps of important historians and writers devoted to the seamy side of its history as has Spain. It is almost a part of the Anglo-Saxon heritage. The Book Review of the *New York Times* carrying a report of the biography of a Spanish missionary priest, could slip in, quite naturally, a

statement to the effect that not all Spanish missionaries of the age of discovery tortured and killed the Indians. In the mind of the writer, a man of learning and culture, was clearly the unfortunate picture of hundreds and hundreds of Catholic priests deserting their homeland, crossing a great ocean, entering a new and unmapped continent, only to work out their sadistic impulses upon the natives.

Otra vez la leyenda negra! Again the black legend! This time it is more powerful because of the international situation. Spain, stretching her soul after a long decadence and remembering her great past, proclaims *Hispanidad* as that branch of Latin and Christian civilization which she has represented in the world. A policy in favor of *Hispanidad* aims to strengthen this culture wherever it exists and to promote spiritual unity between the bearers of this culture wherever they live. It is not a political movement. That the standard of values of this culture will conflict on some points with the values most important to the Anglo-Saxon, and perhaps capitalistically-trained mind, is to be expected. But to fight it on the ground that it plans the overthrow of the governments of some twenty South American republics is carrying the matter a little too far. Such, however, are the lines of the anti-everything-Spanish policy. After choosing a detail that is actual, it interprets it in the worst possible light and then adds its own embroidery, leaving the truth far behind.

Another example is clearer. A story appeared in the American press announcing that a club for Fascists, referring to the Falange, official party of Spain, had been founded in Madrid on funds given by the wife of the American ambassador. A conversation with Mrs. Weddell revealed that the club did exist in Madrid. The requirements for membership, however, were very strict. One must be a child of the male sex, and one must have lost one's father or mother or both in the Spanish Civil War. The club is run by the *Auxilio Social*, social service organization of the *Sección Femenina* of the official party, many of whose members give their services free in this work. Of the ninety members of the club, the majority are the children of fathers who died fighting with the Reds. No such misinterpretations of fact have appeared in the American press concerning the support that Mrs. Weddell has given to the American Red Cross, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Unitarian

Committee, or out of her work helping stranded refugees of various nationalities. When she made the mistake of helping the orphans of Spain, the fact is twisted to a political interpretation in line with the current campaign against Spain.

The origins of the new propaganda move are well known to Spaniards in Spain. The enemies of new Spain have been using the right of free speech accorded them in the United States and other countries to consolidate their own position as martyrs to a great cause, and have been using the democratic idiom to keep the old and make new adherents to the cause. Even if their words deprive their countrymen, and wives and children, of bread, they must follow a set pattern of propaganda. They have almost succeeded in maneuvering themselves into a situation so that anyone who opposes their arguments is a traitor to Americanism and should be silenced—or reported to the Dies Committee.

Spain at present is a hungry country. In Madrid one can tell the food shops by the knots of people obstructing the sidewalk to stand and stare at the windows. The black legend has been at work to prevent any food from entering. "Do not send food to Spain," it cautions, "it would all go to Germany." The stirrings of Christian charity in the face of a country whose children are doomed to grow up weakened in body and bitter in mind from years of hunger fade away. People tuck the problem of Spain away in a corner of their minds as something which is just too bad but which cannot be helped because a bunch of jackals in the government would take the food from the mouths of their hungry millions to send it to another nation.

Again this campaign starts out with a truth which is twisted out of all meaning. Spain does export a certain amount of one article of which her people stand in need—olive oil. She exports it because she has to. She exports it because she has no foreign exchange and because she has to get items of machinery and other things which make possible the reemployment of her people in ruined factories. To the Spain of 1941, olive oil is money used to obtain things that the nation cannot do without. What she exports is not a tremendous amount because the olive trees were destroyed by the hundreds during the war. Those who cultivate olives keep a certain amount of their oil, and enough of the best quality oil is kept to supply the kitchens of the different centers of *Auxilio Social* where the poor receive the ration of cooked food that has prevented deaths from famine all over the country.

Wheat the country must obtain from the outside. The bitterness against England's blockade (now, happily, less strict) is understandable in a people who after the privations of a war must continue to suffer hunger. Fruit trees and vines are showing the results of lack of care. Milk and milk products are scarce because the herds killed during the war are not yet replaced. Meat is obtainable in small quantities at high prices—during the war even the donkeys were killed and eaten.

Misery is not equally divided all over Spain. Naturally, the great cities of Madrid and Barcelona present to the visitor the most abject pictures of

misery. Though certain regions of the country are rich in certain products, others in different ones, it is next to impossible to exchange perishable food-stuffs between the regions because there is hardly any gasoline, (propaganda has undoubtedly told you that if there were gasoline supplies they would have gone to Germany) and road traffic is greatly reduced. A terrifying series of railroad accidents revealed the fact that what was left of Spain's rail equipment after the Civil War could not be run effectively on native coal. Rail traffic is thus not at all capable of meeting the demands put upon it.

It is well to remember that during the Spanish War, there was white bread in Franco Spain and because of constructive policies, there was no lack of food. In the rest of Spain, anarchy and destruction rendered unproductive some of the richest areas of the country. When Spain was unified, there was no question that anyone should go hungry because of political opinion. Those convicted of crimes were punished, but the ordinary soldier, his wife, his children came to the *Auxilio Social* truck to get white bread. One half of Spain, ordered and flowing with food, said to the other half, "I am my brother's keeper," and the best of supplies were sent off to Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid. Spain needed the cooperation of the world to carry out her plans to feed the hungry millions who were her charge. The war and consequent blockade prevented her from recovering from her own trial. Any help that might have reached her out of reasons of pure humanity was blocked by those who hoped for uprisings within this hapless nation.

The power of Spain to invade South America with money, propagandists, or force of arms to change governments, the power of Spain to feed Germany is as much of a reality as the Fascist club founded in Madrid by the wife of the American Ambassador.

But Spain is a menace.

The real menace of Spain one does not hear about because it would not fit in with the current of the new *leyenda negra*. The silence does not take away its terrible actuality. A great multitude of people weakened by war are far less able to withstand hunger than those who start off well-fed. A great foodless multitude which is also medicine-less and to a great extent soapless is the cradle of a plague. It is a wonder to many that the typhus epidemic waited until 1941 to break out with severity in Spain. But it is there now, and it will take something of a miracle to stop its triumphant entry among the civilian population of France (and from there to the rest of Europe) and across to Portugal (from there to England whose population has likewise suffered a weakening of resistance).

The help from the United States and Britain, which began to trickle in noticeably during the early months of 1941, is far from enough. America might do well to examine the black legend that has been woven for her and begin to fear Spain not as a focal center for *Hispanidad*, but as the focal center for the plague that would not stop at the boundaries of Spain. The pest is one thing she could not help exporting whether she wanted to or not.

UNCLE SAM'S MUSCLES ARE BEGINNING TO BULGE

CAPTAIN JOHN SPENSER

IN a recent article in these pages it was indicated that American military thought and practice has been progressive, that many if not most of the "new" developments in Europe are along lines which the United States Army has been trying and testing for decades. You do not make a new thing by merely giving it a new name. When, however, new features are adopted, it is far better to fit them into an old framework than to start to build over from the bottom. Building takes time, in planning, in organizing, in coordinating, in indoctrinating. Time is at a premium. It is not improper to say that, save for adjustments, the development of the American Army during the past few months has been, by and large, an expansion.

This is what was always contemplated under the provisions of the Act of 1920. A hundred years before that Calhoun said: "The leading principles of a military organization are that there should be nothing to new-model or to create, and the only step in passing from a peace to a war footing should be in the augmentation of the former."

Save for a few exceptions, which will be noted later, this is the process which is being adopted. A skeleton force has become a force in being, under the impetus of the events in Europe, as the following figures will indicate!

Year	Regular Army	National Guard	Reserve Corps
1920.....	200,367	56,090	107,083
1925.....	134,624	177,428	94,013
1930.....	137,645	182,715	113,523
1935.....	137,966	185,915	112,590
1940.....	264,118	241,612	116,636
1941 (Active) ..	487,000	286,000	38,000

In 1920, the Regular Army was still undergoing the demobilization process, as also was the officers' corps of the reserves and the National Guard—wiped out by federalization in 1917—was only beginning to be built up. In 1935, the National Guard began to increase at the rate of 5,000 per year, as it began to be considered a first line force, part of the initial protective force of the nation to rush on early notice with the regulars to meet an invader. Thus it was required to have many special units not normally considered necessary to a State militia.

On August 27, 1940, a Joint Resolution of Congress permitted the President to order the Guard into Federal service for a year of training. In less than three weeks their units began coming in. On September 16, 1940, Congress authorized the draft-

ing of citizens for service. By April, 1941, they were in ranks to the number of 374,000, which should be added to the 1941 figures above to make a total in our actual army amounting to 1,185,600. This total by July will reach 1,518,000.

How has this expansion been effected? Regular regiments which consisted of two battalions instead of three, two and three companies instead of four, were filled up by adding selective service men. National Guard divisions which were inducted with about 9,000 men were similarly expanded to about 18,000 men. Regular Army infantry regiments were split and the parts expanded into regiments, spreading out the skill and experience of the seasoned soldiers. Anti-tank platoons were separated from their parent units and made to grow into anti-tank companies. Anti-tank battalions were formed.

Regular Army divisions which had had motors given them to move their supplies, and which had practiced for years moving troops piecemeal on the few motors they had by a shuttle method, were given enough trucks to move all of their men by motor along a road at once. Hereafter they would roll along the roads at high speed, and arrive far faster than ever before.

There were a few conversions. In certain parts of this nation the terrain is such that motors cannot travel off the roads. For close work which must be rapid, nothing can replace the horseman, and so some cavalry was retained, just as the Germans have had a small cavalry unit with each of their infantry regiments. Nevertheless, many of our cavalry units have been transformed. Some cavalry organizations have been made half horse and half "mechanized" and many, particularly in the National Guard, have been converted into field artillery and—on account of the increasing importance of air bombardment—into anti-aircraft artillery. Four National Guard cavalry divisions have been thus wiped off the lists.

When a peacetime army is in many small and separate posts, the burden of supply is what might be called normal. When it becomes a field army, moving about on maneuvers or being ever ready to move to battle, supply becomes something special. Take, for instance, a small city of 18,000 men and move it about the country. All the food and ammunition, all the clothing and medical supplies, all the water for washing and drinking, must be provided according to human standards. Such a situation requires the creation of motor-transport units, of re-

pair units, of administrative units, not to speak of the separate organization of training units to provide soldiers to replace those who, in time of peace, drop out on account of sickness, injury, or discharge, and in time of war, on account of wounds.

Living a healthy, active, outdoor life, soldiers place little strain on medical facilities. When battle begins, casualties heavily tax the hospital units, and every wound must be recorded and registered and accounted for, so as not only to care for the soldier, but also to give the Government accurate records. There must be a large medical administrative staff in war time, although it has little to do in time of peace. In preparing for war, we must train such a staff and have it ready to operate.

Similar considerations apply to special units created for the repair of artillery and motors.

Most important of the many new units created, have been what the army man calls the "higher tactical commands." A division is a self-contained unit, able to move and fight. But there must be something above it to coordinate the training or the fighting of the various divisions. The "Corps Area Headquarters" of peacetime, which take care of ordinary housekeeping, supply and administration in peacetime garrisons cannot do this in time of war. They stand still; the units may move. Therefore, the Army created headquarters of various "Army Corps" and headquarters of various "Field Armies"—able to supervise training and to move with the combat troops into theatres of operations, as Secretary Knox has said, "in any part of the world."

Other new units created have been caused by the increased emphasis on air warfare. For decades the American aviators have clamored for a "separate air corps" and, indeed, even went so far as to abolish the special "attack plane" for action against ground troops. Now they have learned from events in Europe and North Africa that aviation must be coordinated with ground effort, that the wedding of air to tank attacks with artillery has been an important item of successes in Poland, France and Cyrenaica. They have brought back the attack type of plane, somewhat modified. They have created great "Air Defense" commands to give warning of enemy air approach, to keep enemy aviation away by the fire of anti-aircraft artillery (under air command), to fight them off with interceptor planes, and to bomb enemy bases with long range planes.

At the present moment, high military officials say, we have a large army in being which "could fight tomorrow if it had to." It is true that some of the tanks and anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons are only beginning to come off the assembly lines in large numbers and that many units have had only one item to use for training purposes instead of the many they will need for fighting purposes. But that is one of the things for which time and energy are providing a rapid remedy.

Today, eighteen National Guard Divisions and nine Regular Army divisions are ready to move against an invader. Although this total of thirty-three is only approximately what the Germans

spared from other theatres of war for their Balkan and Greek campaign, and compares very unfavorably with the 120 divisions the Germans assembled for the Battle of Flanders, it is a powerful force for American defense effort. These troops are actually in existence, and not merely on paper. They could move tomorrow. Their development has been effected in full accordance with the "Protective Mobilization Plan" drawn up long ago.

Invasion of America would be limited by available shipping space. Suppose a hostile force landed on Cape Cod in a sudden move. Troops could be concentrated against them faster than they could be reinforced. The bridges across the Hudson and Connecticut rivers could be guarded by air and anti-air units. It would be possible to defeat them and thrust them into the sea before they could be strengthened sufficiently to hold on, just as the Germans moved against and defeated the British who landed in Norway and in Greece. As long as we have this Army in being, the United States can maintain her integrity.

While these combat divisions are training and preparing for the rapid movement and the sudden fighting that may come, efforts are being made in some quarters to take care of rear areas. These efforts are not so complete as those of the British air raid precaution efforts; but the danger is not so great. As basic militia, more than twenty of the States of the Union have raised and are arming State home guards or protective forces. Others are in the process of organizing them. If an invader arrived, the mobile forces of the National Guard and Regular army would move to meet him. Behind them, to afford local protection against fifth columnists, to provide traffic control for refugees, to choke off parachute attacks, would be at least the following numbers of home guards in the States indicated: Alabama, 1,200; California, 10,000; Florida, 2,000; Georgia, 4,993; Illinois, 9,468; Kentucky, 1,500; Massachusetts, 6,880; Maryland, 2,000; Minnesota, 5,850; New Jersey, 2,000; New Mexico, 610; New York, 13,689; Ohio, 2,300; Pennsylvania, 1,934; Rhode Island, 1,000; South Carolina, 4,000; Texas, 10,000; Virginia, 2,900. This makes a total of 82,234, with others forming.

When the National Guard starts returning to home stations in September after its "twelve consecutive months" of training for which the law provides, it will still be available for call by the President upon any event of invasion. It will move off as part of the "initial protective force" and leave the home guards to take care of the homes.

The place of the National Guard in the camps now established will be taken, presumably, by new divisions raised by splitting existing regular divisions and regiments still farther and by filling their ranks with drafted men. Their officer corps will be augmented by graduates of the college ROTC units at the rate of 9,000 a year and with graduates of the officers' training schools. Thus the strength of our national forces will be maintained; and as the production of modern implements of war continues, they will be stronger and more and more ready for effective action against any potential enemy.

ALL ARE GOD'S CHILDREN

IT is difficult to understand the temper which makes some men single out a certain proportion of our children against whom discrimination can and should be exercised. Perhaps the most familiar example of this discrimination is in forbidding the use of the school bus, paid for by the community, to children whose parents exercise their natural and constitutional right to send them to schools of their choice. If the child is registered at a public school, the bus is at his disposal. If he is a pupil in a Catholic, Lutheran, or Jewish school, he must walk, even if this means slow plodding through mud or heavy snows.

The theory of the school bus is that it helps the future citizen to acquire the academic training to which the law obliges him at least to aspire. Denial of this aid to children in non-public schools is equivalent to an affirmation that *some* children are not future citizens, in whose welfare the State has any concern. Yet if the parent violates his conscience by patronizing the public school, the child automatically becomes an object of the State's tender solicitude! That position is not only illogical and un-American. It is an exhibition of bad feeling that can hardly be excused from the guilt of rank uncharitableness.

Fortunately, this particular type of discrimination is disappearing. It is even pleasanter to note that in many localities special funds appropriated by States and cities for child-welfare are now being shared with children in the old-fashioned American schools which consider religion the most important element in education. In some cities, milk, bread and other articles of food, are provided for children without reference to the school in which they are found. Malnutrition can become a serious public evil, and since a child who is a Catholic or a Lutheran can suffer from it, these public authorities feed children wherever children in need of food are found.

In this course, they are wholly justified from a legal point of view. As Chief Justice Hughes wrote in the decision sustaining the Louisiana textbook law, the beneficiary in these cases is not the school, but, primarily, the child, his parents, and the community. That ruling is based on common sense. One might as well exclude a sick child from a public hospital on the ground that he is a pupil in a Catholic school, as to deny him other rights or privileges which the community supports for the benefit of its children.

We heartily wish that this growing good feeling could be displayed in favor of needy children everywhere. If we have food to spare, and we have, or can have, we shall not dispose ourselves for God's blessing in this crisis by refusing to share it with the hungry children of the war-tormented countries. They are not our enemies, not one of them. They are God's needy children who hold out trembling hands to us. God's curse will rest upon the politicians who close their ears to the pitiful cries of His starving little ones.

EDITOR

TO HONOR OUR

MANY foresighted folk have already picked out the place and the time for their annual vacation. If you can possibly make the necessary arrangements, take your vacation this year in the form of a pilgrimage to St. Paul, where the Ninth National Eucharistic Congress will open on June 23. Every National Eucharistic Congress is a source of extraordinary grace to thousands, and of countless blessings to the country. At this time, when the future seems freighted with peril, we should endeavor to make this Ninth Congress a national pledge of allegiance to Christ, our Eucharistic King.

FULL AND FRID

THOSE German and Italian commentators who daily stress the growth of discord in the United States are in grievous error. There are discordant voices among us, and we, for one, thank God for it. It has ever been the American custom to take full advantage of our constitutional guarantees of free speech in discussing problems of national importance. We own to no Fuehrer, and no Duce. We take orders as to what we are to think and conclude from no official, high or low, or from any aggregation of them. For that reason if Secretaries Stimson, Knox, and even Ickes, have opinions to offer, we are glad to hear and consider them. The same reason underlies our welcome to the addresses of Senators Wheeler, Nye and Walsh, Charles A. Lindbergh and former President Hoover.

Within the last few weeks, the movement against armed intervention by the United States in the European war appears to have gained strength. The American people still hope to see the downfall of Hitlerism, and they have not changed from their original wish to give Great Britain whatever aid may be possible, without compromising our own national welfare or safety. Last year they approved the resolutions against armed intervention adopted by both the Republican and the Democratic parties. During the campaign, they accepted the assurance of President Roosevelt that our foreign policy meant isolation from actual war in Europe, until we should be actually attacked, as well as the repeated statement by candidate

EUCHARISTIC KING

EVERY Catholic, present in St. Paul next month, or at home, can help to make this Congress a magnificent exhibition of Faith in God, and of love for our Eucharistic Saviour. He can pray daily for the real success of the Congress, which is a harvest of souls won for Christ. He can receive his Lord daily during the Congress, and by his devotion make reparation for the sacrileges of those who have desecrated the Most Blessed Eucharist. If special services are held in his parish church, he can take part in them. May we all do our part in honoring our Eucharistic King.

FR DISCUSSION

Willkie that he approved this policy and would make it his own, were he elected. As far as can be ascertained, the determination of the American people to keep out of war is stronger than at any time since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe.

It is also true that the general will to aid Great Britain by every means consistent with the American policy of non-intervention, is at least as strong as it was a year ago. We believe, however, that this purpose is being weakened by those Americans who urge immediate and all-out aid to Britain, even should this mean a declaration of war against Germany. Most of these Americans supported the lend-lease bill on the ground that it would keep us out of war, but according to Herbert Agar, who is in a position to know, since he was among them, that plea is "bunk." The bill was supported from the outset, Mr. Agar believes, as a measure that would force us, step by step, into a declaration of war.

Such tactics indicate, as Senator Shipstead recently said, that some proponents of immediate American intervention in the war, do not come before the people with clean hands. It may be that we cannot aid England, except by entering the war; yet, as former President Hoover said last week, it may be that we can best help both England and ourselves by staying out. While the problem before us is not an easy one, we may reach a satisfactory conclusion, if we are allowed to discuss it, fully and freely.

CAN THE KLAN RETURN?

WARS never end when armistices are asked, and treaties of peace are signed. Nations continue to pay for wars in actual expenditures long after all who participated in them have died. The United States paid pensions arising from the American Revolution and the War of 1812 until a few years ago, and the pensions granted after the War between the States, long ago exceeded the costs of the war itself. When the United States was swept into the First World War, Congress, taught by experience, tried to avert a repetition by authorizing an elaborate insurance plan. The plan was quickly destroyed by politicians after the war, and an incredible number of State and Federal grants followed. What these grants will cost by 1943, only those who deal in figures of astronomical magnitude, can calculate.

Another result, even more deplorable, was pointed out last week in an address in New York by Dr. Everett B. Clinchy. It is the startling increase in racial and religious bigotry which seems to follow war. War brings a national unity that is forced rather than spontaneous. Our younger men, drawn from all classes in society, are herded in camps, and hammered into a degree of conformity, while the population at large is exhorted to make war and victory its first business. Free speech is set aside, all forms of dissent are suspected, and overt acts which seem to interfere with the Government's policy, are promptly punished. Thus, the unity which every Government deems necessary in war time is rarely obtained. What the Government commonly gets is an external uniformity, held together by threat of reprisals. It is not surprising, then, that once the official pressure is lifted, an extreme of disintegration is apt to follow. This situation is aggravated by the disorders in the industrial and economic spheres, occasioned by the strain of war.

But why these unhappy conditions should stimulate racial and religious bigotry is not quite clear. During the First World War, religious agencies were extremely active both in the training-camps, and on the battlefields in France. The magnificent work of the Knights of Columbus, who adopted as their motto, "Everybody welcome, everything free," won the praise of the entire country. Many other associations, notably the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army, and groups representing the Quakers and Jews, ministered to the welfare of the men, supplying help which the Government could not possibly have given. Brotherly aid was the immediate purpose of all these associations, but it was hoped that another effect would be the creation of a spirit of understanding in the hearts of all Americans, irrespective of creed or race.

Yet the years following the war were marked by the revival in almost every part of the country of organized religious and racial bigotry. The Ku Klux Klan attacked Catholics, Jews and Negroes, in a campaign to deprive them of their standing as citizens, and even of their rights as human be-

ings. In at least a dozen States, the Klan controlled politics, and in a score of others held the balance of power. Catholics, Jews and Negroes, were assaulted, and some were killed, without interference from the local authorities. Many were ruined in their business by carefully planned boycotts. For some years, the rule of the Klan was, in countless American communities, a literal reign of terror.

It may seem incredible that the Klan can be revived, but it also seemed incredible a quarter of a century ago. To assume complacently that racial and religious bigotry no longer has place among us, may open the door to discriminations even more dangerous than those which we have experienced. There is a distinct element of danger in the suspicion, noted thus far only in our larger cities, that citizens of German or Italian descent cannot be loyal Americans. Law violators should certainly be prosecuted, in an orderly manner, and punished. But since it is quite possible that the wave of anti-German feeling which swept over the country in 1917 and 1918 prepared the way for the Klan, we must be on our guard against the return of that hysteria and intolerance.

We are not yet actively engaged in war, and by God's mercy, we may yet be spared that scourge. In the meantime, we can take counsel with our consciences, and try to keep ourselves in charity with all men, even those who, in the barbaric terminology of war, are our enemies.

NAPOLÉON'S SENATE

NOT long ago the Secretary of the Treasury wrote that at least one billion dollars could be cut from the expenditures which are not made for national defense. Probably an equal sum could have been cut from national defense projects, but since those billions have been spent, about all that can now be done is to turn the story of this waste, or worse, over to a Congressional investigating committee, in the hope that it will prevent further crime.

But Congress does not agree with the Secretary. It is going ahead merrily with plans to raise pensions, to start improvement projects in States whose party leaders are powerful, and with schemes that are rank specimens of the old "pork-barrel" form of legal political graft. They vote billions for defense, on the theory that the enemy is at the gates, and other billions that can be justified only on the supposition that Great Britain is paying all the costs of our national defense program.

There was a time when Americans saw in Congress a guard against totalitarian government at Washington. That idea is not so good as it once was. The present Congress does not differ greatly from Napoleon's Senate, and that body's only function was to sign the laws which Napoleon had already begun to enforce. Although only Congress can declare war, Americans who wish to keep this country out of war, are ignoring Congress, and are sending their petitions to the President. No more palpable evidence of the character of the present Congress could be given.

OUR APOSTOLATE

THE Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xv, 26-27, xvi, 1-4) contains a promise, a commission, and a prophecy. The promise is that Jesus will send into the world from His Father, the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit of truth; the commission, that they, enlightened and strengthened by the Paraclete, are to give testimony of Christ's Divinity and mission; and the prophecy, that they will be called upon to suffer many things in their work as Apostles. "These things have I spoken to you," said Our Lord, "that you may not be scandalized." By this last statement, Jesus meant to prepare the Apostles, warning them not to be surprised by persecution or to be discouraged by it, since the Holy Spirit would be with them.

This Gospel is taken from the beautiful discourse at the Last Supper, and was directed primarily to the Apostles. Yet as we read it, we feel that it has a meaning that seems almost personal for all of us. The ordinary Catholic, even if he does not know much about the history of the Church, is aware that dislike of the Church is found in this country, as well as in Russia and Germany. It is quite probable, indeed, that now and then he has been discriminated against simply because he is a Catholic. The better instructed Catholic has, of course, learned that in all ages the Church has been persecuted, sometimes by fire and sword, at other times by tyrannical forms of law, and by social customs, because she will not compromise her mission to bear witness to Jesus Christ and to His teaching.

The world that "has not known the Father nor me," instinctively recognizes that the Catholic Church is the great enemy. She must be destroyed, if possible, or at least so hindered that her testimony to the truth can be heard by few. The Church can never be "popular" with the world, but she will never be moved by the cry, "Come down from the cross, and we will believe." For to her the Cross is the symbol and the promise of victory over the world. She is attracted as little by the world's blandishments, as she is terrified by the threat of prison, scourging, and the scaffold.

If we share with the Apostles the consolation of the Paraclete, and also the hour when "whoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God," we must not forget that, with them and the Paraclete, we must "give testimony" to Christ. We give this testimony in the manner that befits our vocation; the priest at the altar, the Religious in prayer and works of charity, the layman by fidelity to the duties of his state of life. Very few of us will have any occasion to preach the Gospel of Christ by word, but we must all bear testimony to the holiness of His teaching by the holiness of our lives.

Every Catholic, priest or layman, can preach more eloquently by the example of a devout life than by anything he might say on the platform, or write in a learned treatise. That is the apostolate which Christ and the Church call all of us, great and small, to exercise every day of our lives.

CORRESPONDENCE

COPPERHEADED OUT

EDITOR: It might be a fine thing if all the draft boards in the country were to follow the norm set by the President.

He considers Colonel Lindbergh unworthy of serving in the United States Air Force because the Colonel exercises his American privilege of speaking for peace. The boys now in camps were sent there to prepare for defense. Thousands of them, if given an opportunity to express their opinion, would declare for peace and against aggressive war. That attitude should be cause for immediate dismissal from the army. The draft boards should ask every draftee: "Do you think the United States should get into this war at once?" All who answer in the negative should be rejected.

The result would be, of course, a very small army, but how select it would be, made up mostly of radio commentators, newspaper editors, columnists, Congressmen, college presidents and reformed pinks.

New York, N. Y.

JAMES SAYRES

LEISURELY

EDITOR: A Philadelphian could leisurely set forth more than a thousand reasons for abiding in his city though worlds topple—reasons which in Boston's sober light might appear frivolous. Because I used the phrase, "this is our war," your correspondent J. P. R. insists (AMERICA, May 3) that I have tarried here much too long. "What is he waiting for?" I am asked, embarrassingly. But that, I should explain, is one of our old customs (the unkind say, our leading industry)—waiting.

Indeed we are not at all quick here; not so quick that we can tell from the initials on a letter the sex, the age, and an awful lot about its writer. I, for example, from the initials cannot tell whether J. P. R. is a man, a woman or a child; yet from mine she (or he) knows that I am a male, of useful military age, altogether fit and absolutely free to join in this war which I called ours.

Very well, I am cornered. No use to lie to J. P. R. that I am a widow with dependent children, that, though a man, my left leg is plain wood, that I am part of the essential industry of serving isolationist papers at churchdoors. From my initials J. P. R. discerns all. No, not quite, for I am also a coward.

I believe, as I wrote, that the triumph of Hitler would be a disaster to the Church. That was the sense of my letter, that was why I called it our war—a disaster of the first magnitude; but I am so cowardly that I have not dared to mention that opinion even to Catholics, much less go abroad, as I am taunted, and fight for it.

But will your correspondent argue with a cow-

ard? Will he boldly take the side that the triumph of Hitler would not be a disaster to the Church? Will he openly say that the threat of Nazi domination in Europe means nothing to a Catholic in America; that it is not, in that sense, our war?

I hope he will. I hope he will show that to me; it will relieve my mind for the many I see ignorant and unconcerned in the matter. I hope that your correspondent will show that triumphant Nazis and the Church of the Apostles will get along cheerily together, that the swastika is not a blasted Cross; for then I cease to be a coward; I'll hoot England with the best; then, too, some hoary retorts can go back and let their beards grow a little longer.

Philadelphia, Pa.

T. J. S.

IRATE QUERY

EDITOR: Thomas A. Breen asks (AMERICA, May 3): "Why don't the priests urge us to attend daily Mass in honor of our Blessed Lady . . . each day for the month of May for a just and honorable peace?"

As a matter of fact, they do. They are not likely to forget it anyway, but right now pastors in all dioceses of the United States were specially instructed by their Ordinaries to exhort the Faithful "that the month of May be devoted to special prayers to Our Blessed Mother to obtain from her Divine Son the gift of peace for the world."

Would it be asking too much to suggest that people who write letters which begin or end with "Why don't the priests" first make sure that there is any reason at all for their complaints?

New York, N. Y.

PAROCHUS

IN BARRACKS

EDITOR: May I express my appreciation of the story of Chaplain Meany, S.J., *18,000 Men in McClellan?* In my opinion, Father Meany has done a great service not alone to Catholic readers but to all parents and relatives of our enlisted or drafted men. The lights and shadows of army camp life are clearly and honestly drawn and the unspoken questions in the minds of all interested in the moral welfare of our young soldiers are answered as completely as such can be. The consolation for Catholic readers is found in the number and type of priests like Father Meany himself who are giving themselves to keep the lads clean and good in difficult surroundings.

The appeal of Father Meany for home contacts for the men deserves a response from us all. The Catholic soldier still fondly thinks of his home parish and neighborhood, and news from these is almost as good as a letter. The routine of camp life rather increases his interest in his friends at home

and the parish social life in which he shared "before the draft." And as an aid to Chaplain Meany's appeal, I suggest that parish sodalities or other groups send to their soldier parishioners bulletins, local news sheets or clippings which may be of interest. These could be sent in charge of the Catholic chaplain of the camp or directly to the men.

The lads are serving their country in many sections of our United States, but like the rest of us they enjoy news tid-bits about the old neighborhood. Let us see to it that they receive them.

New York, N. Y.

EX-CHAPLAIN

OFFERIMUS

EDITOR: May a member of the laity express her views on the terms *hearing* and *offering* Mass?

About two years ago on the Catholic Hour I heard a series of lectures on the Mass. I learned it is an action, an offering, in which the laity take an active part. My eyes were opened to the great gift we possess in the power to offer such a Sacrifice to God, and it is with real regret I miss my daily Mass.

From my experience, I think much good could be accomplished and a greater love for the Mass could be spread among the people, if our priests would stress the *offering* instead of the *hearing* of the Mass.

Union City, N. J.

KATHLEEN W. SCHMITT

INSTITUTIONAL WAGES

EDITOR: Father Burkett is a very learned man. He must be because he is a teacher; so, I'm a bit afraid to say openly that he did not quite set me right on my "sort of wonder." I don't mind him making fun of my English and I hope he won't mind if I sort of disagree with him.

He says (AMERICA, April 19) what I said—that the reason some Catholic institutions don't pay a living wage is that they are charitable places and could not go on if they had to pay a living wage. But that does not answer the question: Which comes first, justice or charity?

Leo XIII says: "There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration (of work) must be enough to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort"; and it seems that before those places have a right to do charity they should first pay just wages to the people they employ. I know there are some jobs that are only part-time jobs, and part-time pay for part-time jobs seems fair enough. But that doesn't cover all the full-time jobs, and to say "such workers must either *willingly* accept the lower pay, or they will have to walk the streets in quest of a job" sounds like the kind of argument that Leo XIII said did not hold water.

I was talking to a learned friend about all this, and he says there is something in Canon Law about it. He says to look up Canon 1,524, where it says, according to him: "All, and especially priests and Religious and administrators of ecclesiastical

goods, should give to their employees a fair and just wage." I asked this learned friend of mine if maybe Canon Law exempted charitable institutions, and he said: "Look at that word *especially*."

Religious institutions ought to set an example to all others, but Father Burkett does not think so. So maybe I am wrong, but I thought I ought to write to you about it again, and maybe somebody else will give me a better answer.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN O'REILLY

FISHERMEN

EDITOR: "If we can buy bonds we can pay taxes," declared Prof. O. M. W. Sprague, according to a news item dated March 1. An A.P. story of March 16 tells who Dr. Sprague is: "He acted as Treasury adviser before he resigned in a huff over New Deal monetary policies." And it refers to him as "the white-haired former adviser to the Bank of England." But the opening sentence of the March 16 story carries terrific implications: "True to the tradition of newly retired professional men, Harvard's internationally known economist, O. M. W. Sprague, has gone fishing."

In 1917, Prof. Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania also said: "If we can buy bonds we can pay taxes." Professor Patten also immediately went fishing.

All Government bonds represent excess profit. One proof: We can't buy ten billions of Government bonds next year unless we make an excess profit of ten billions of dollars this year. The talk of "baby bonds" is childish, where it is not wilfully deceptive.

Sprague did not retire from weariness, because he says "he intends to preach his gospel at every opportunity by word of mouth, by writings, and persistent nudges to friends and former associates at Congressional court."

Patten took a similar course when he was retired, but he was not heard; and one may look in vain for editorial comment on the current teaching of Sprague.

Sprague's creed has always been that the way out of depression is for business men "to put on the market cheaper products year after year to increase the demand." In other words, society is entitled to benefit from improved machinery. Pope Pius XI put it this way: "Wealth, which is constantly augmented by social and economic progress, must be so distributed amongst the various individuals and classes of society that the common good of all, of which Leo XIII spoke, be thereby promoted. In other words, the good of the whole community must be safeguarded."

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

LITERATURE AND ARTS

ARTLESS LITERATURE

MARK BARRON

IN two words, Miss Agnes Repplier defined one of the minor tragedies in the professional life of the would-be conscious writer. In the essay which furnishes the title to her *Eight Decades*, she speaks of "Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, that lady of a single inspiration." It is only after we have learned that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe happens to have been the author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* that we appreciate the truth and justice of Miss Repplier's estimate. We have only to remind ourselves of that single tremendous line, almost scriptural in its sublimity,

For mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
Lord,
to understand that here truly was a lady of at least
a "single inspiration."

It was not without deliberate intent that I have above used the expression *conscious writer*. For I am of the belief that there are such people as unconscious writers who cannot be recognized as writers, simply because they would not so conceive of themselves. They are the creators of that large and yet little known and scantily recognized body of unconscious literature.

Again, advisedly, I do not speak of these people as creators of the literature of the unconscious. They have not, like Coleridge, dreamed whole lines and stanzas of poetry. They are not dabblers in the occult. Of all people they are among the most level-headed and sane, practised in the ordinary courtesies, and given on occasion to ordinary outward show of emotion. The vast majority of them have been vouchsafed a "single inspiration." But that fact has not been equivalent to a minor tragedy in their lives. To literary prestige they are indifferent; of the carping of critics they are independent. They may never serve as inspiration to the writer of book-cover blurbs. But neither will they fall victims to the wiles of autograph hunters.

If and when some enterprising writer takes upon himself the task of editing this great body of unconscious literature, he will spend the greater part of his time in the more mechanical literary processes of setting down notes, drawing up appendices and glossaries, indulging in interpretation. He will discover the meat of a score of pages of explanation and criticism in a sentence, a clause, or even a phrase. But he may congratulate himself, for, how poor soever the grammatical structure may sometimes be, here will be life caught in a tangle of words; a unique personality, breathing, sensing,

feeling, knowing something in a unique manner and expressing it in a manner entirely unique.

There is, for example, the letter a young college student in New England received from his mother in distant Chicago on an April day some ten years ago. The letter itself was not especially remarkable; it merely detailed the small change which is so vital a part of the commerce of family intercourse. But in the midst of it were two sentences almost less pretentious, as a matter of fact, than were their fellows, yet possessed of that indefinable something which makes literature and serves as a mirror to personality. The mother wrote: "I am writing this letter, sitting at the kitchen table, watching my dinner cook. It is very warm here today: one of those warm, dusty days that we always have this time in the year." Upon the memory and imagination of her son, hundreds of miles away, this "lady of a single inspiration" had etched a picture of his native city in April, a picture that he would never forget. She had for the moment become absorbed in time and place; unconsciously she had done for her kitchen and Chicago and April what the late Father Bede Jarrett says Whistler has done for the Thames: "Because of Whistler you will see it till you die."

Nor should it be forgotten that the whole was an unconscious achievement. Had there been a deliberate going-over of the two sentences, a critical exercise in choice of words; had there arisen a doubt about the choice of modifiers: *very*, *warm* used twice, and *dusty*, the passage would undoubtedly have suffered. Its author would unconsciously have relinquished a title to possible unconscious literary immortality. And so one can feel quite confident that the passage, in its own simple way, defies improvement.

Those who are more especially given to the niceties of definition and distinction may assert that unconscious literature cannot be claimed for exercises that are consciously—even self-consciously—literary, as for example high-school or college assignments in composition. I concur, but at the same time beg leave to introduce another element into the discussion, that most abused and apparently least-understood of the liberal arts, namely, of grammar.

A claim of conscious literary effort can hardly be made for a nugget of pure literature almost lost in the sand and gravel of bad grammar and faulty choice of words. There is certainly nothing "literary," for example, in this single clause from a high-school boy's composition on *Ten Miles for a Sunrise*: "... what a swell job Mother Nature had done in getting the sun up that morning." Neither the nugget itself nor its setting would prove wholly satisfactory to the literary prospector. Yet even he would have to agree that "there's gold in them

thar hills," and gold of a quality which only the unconscious ingenuousness of youth is capable of mining.

This question of unconscious literature and rules of grammar and literary niceties takes on a special importance where spoken language is concerned. The most formal of grammarians, the most exacting of purists, face to face with a situation that clamors for the immediate word, will hardly pause to pick and choose and phrase. The situation in which he finds himself, the person with whom he is dealing: these have for the moment a claim upon him; they clamor for the unusual, the arresting expression, howsoever ungrammatical or devoid of literary grace it may be. Since this is true of themselves, these worthy gentlemen can hardly be so unfeeling as to express their literary disapproval of the anguished cry of a mother whose children had just fallen victims to the carelessness of a driver: "Them's my only three kiddies!" Only afterward the purist might agree with the grammarian that the use of the objective *them* as the subject of an exclamation is grammatically intolerable. And the grammarian, for his part, might agree with the purist that *kiddies* is hardly a "literary" word and is connotative of situations almost diametrically opposed to the one under the stress of which it was used. But both will agree that each single word is the reflection of a very human person, who is the product of a particular *milieu*, who has been brought face to face with a situation normally evocative of single overpowering and quite universal emotion, and who has expressed herself accordingly.

It has been pointed out more than once that the language of a primitive people is a poetic language. Only after they have tasted of the fruits of civilization does their mode of expression cease to be poetic and take on the measured tread of thought. Whereas before they were often the victims of reverie, they now meditate things. This is likewise true in the life of the individual. The world of the child is a dream world; not yet is there a realization of the hard facts of life.

Grammar, because it is ordained to the strict ruling of language and its expression, is lacking during this poetic phase of a people's history. They have not yet acquired a fearsome respect for words and their usage. Instead, the word is at once, instinctively, adapted to the idea. Thus, today, when a native of Virginia remarks toward the end of a perfect day: "The sky is pinkin' over," he is perpetuating a spontaneous expression of unconscious literature, well-nigh authorless and having its origin in the days before poetry had ceded to philosophy the mastery of words. Your Virginian may be aware that there is no such word as "pinkin'" and that "pink" is an adjective, not a verb. But he does not very much care. He has his own respect for tradition, for the tradition of a people, some of whose most familiar expressions swell the body of unconscious literature and are literature because they reflect a personality face to face with nature and with life and without the stout right arm of grammar.

G. K. C. IS GOOD, BUT...

RAYMOND A. GRADY

BROWSING through an old book store the other day, I was attracted by a book entitled *Essays Old and New*. I bought the book, anxious to know how an essay could be "old" and "new" at the same time. I should have inspected the contents of the book before buying, because I discovered when I began to read it that I had been stabbed. The essays were ones I had long known.

And I was heartily ashamed of my gullibility until I came to some essays by Gilbert Chesterton. I liked the essays. I always had liked them. But it was the introduction accorded Mr. Chesterton that made me glad I had bought the book. For, after describing his person, the woman who had collected the essays in book form—an Essie Chamberlain—said as follows:

He delights in making ideas turn somersaults, and it is this which has made people eager to read what he writes, for he succeeds always in being amusing and surprising. At the same time, it must be realized that he is a deeply religious Roman Catholic.

I read that paragraph six times, getting angrier by the second, and still I could not seem to make sense of it. That is not surprising, because in logic I was the only one of a large class unable to put a finger on the flaw in the syllogism, "Caesar was a great general; Caesar is our dog; ergo, our dog was a great general."

I do know that Chesterton is not "always amusing." I do not know that he *ever* is "amusing." Maybe Essie and I do not see eye to eye on that word, which to me always has involved a feeling of toleration. We say that a child is amusing, but we do not take the youngster seriously. We tolerate his amusing childishness. Chesterton is, occasionally, humorous. But he is always deadly serious in his humor. Nor do I read Chesterton because he makes "ideas turn somersaults." Only when they are upside down does he turn them over.

As I say, I am not the greatest logician since Aristotle. But, experimentally, I wandered along the course laid down by Essie, and it led to strange conclusions. For instance, "Socrates was a good reasoner, but it must be realized that he was a pagan." "Disraeli was a great statesman, but it must be realized that he was a Jew." "Steve Leacock is distinctly humorous, but it must be realized that he is a Professor of Economics."

Somehow none of those things reads right. I think they are of the *genus* "non-sequitur." It amuses me—and I mean "amuses"—that an Essie Chamberlain would presume to settle GK's hash off-hand by saying, in effect, "If this man were not a deeply religious Roman Catholic, he would be just peachy." It looks to me as if Essie has been attempting to coast into Valhalla by hitch-hiking on the sled of Chesterton's genius.

I *could* be very angry with the lady, but it must be realized that I am a Roman Catholic.

BOOKS

THE STRONG BEAUTY OF THE GREATEST LOVE

UNTO THE END. By William J. McGarry, S.J. The America Press. \$3

THE five chapters of his Gospel in which Saint John records the story of the last evening in the Cenacle have stirred men's hearts for centuries with their strong beauty. This book is the reflective conversation of one who draws upon long study, prayerful thought and all the riches of Catholic tradition to speak to us in leisurely, meditative fashion about the passages we love so well.

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Prefixing each subdivision of these three sections with the pertinent Gospel text, the author draws on the treasures of theology, exegesis and patristic commentary to interpret the story of the upper room in terms of present day Catholic life. In a style that has a touch of John's own gentle firmness, he probes our modern thoughts in many fields, examining each one in the Light that streams out from the Cenacle. Jesus, source and model of all Christian holiness, will be better loved, more intimately understood by those who read this book. A treasure trove for those who wish brief, stimulating passages for spiritual reading, it will be of special help to those who seek to learn the art of meditative prayer.

LAURENCE J. MCGINLEY, S.J.

TOO MUCH ALL IN TO GO ALL OUT?

AMERICA AND TOTAL WAR. By Fletcher Pratt. Smith and Durrell, Inc. \$3

"MILITARY expert, one-man war college"—these are the epithets hurled at the author on the jacket. Exceptionally enough, his book squares with the advertisement. It contains valuable information about our Army and Navy, our manpower and resources, the Fifth Column and the strength of our defenses against totalitarian attacks, whether aimed at us from Europe or Asia. The book also gives a clear and detailed picture of the German military machine and of the fighting ships of the Japanese Navy.

In its opening chapters it is not too happy. The first dozen pages are devoted to synopsis of Nazism and suddenly with a lyric leap to the conclusion that for us war is inevitable. This conclusion might be rebutted from other parts of the book; but the point is, the bare statement that war is inevitable is not a satisfactory answer from a military expert, when millions of anxious Americans are asking the question: "Must our boys go over

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there again?" Parts of the second chapter, "The Monolithic State," make dull reading.

This may be a trifling matter, but not so the slur on Al Williams, who also wrote a good book based on what he saw in the airplane factories of Europe. Abuse is no argument. It does not add to the merit of the book that it calls Colonel Lindbergh and his lady "silly geese," and Senator Nye "a publicity-hunting oaf." Nor can the author conceal his bias toward South American culture. Adverse criticism at this moment will not help our good neighbor policy. The Latins have ample matter for grievance against us. For years, there rolled down to Rio a swarm of ignorant, grasping and uncouth Americans, who gave us a decidedly bad reputation. On page seventy-one occurs a parenthesis within which General Franco is accused of trying to "capture" the Catholic Church. This statement is untrue. In fact, it is as inaccurate as the grammar of the sentence in which the accusation is made.

The military matters treated of in this book are so varied that it is possible to mention only a few highlights. Invasion of the United States by means of an expeditionary force is impossible. There is little danger of any enemy establishing airplane bases in the North. The great fortress of Eben Emael in Belgium was not demolished by artillery, but by a surprise raid which had been planned and rehearsed. Navies are not on the way to the scrap heap. The armor of the big battleship can still resist bombing from the air. America's best defense lies in the education, the mechanical genius and the fine spirit of competition existing among her young men. Greater mobility and better staff work are two great needs in our Army.

Despite the defects mentioned, the book is interesting and informative.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

THREE LITTLE GIRLS

FROM SCHOOL GROWN UP

THE SOONG SISTERS. By Emily Hahn. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

DURING the past twenty years, changing China has provided unlimited potential material for real literature. So many commonplace and shallow books on China, however, have come off the press in recent years that one is tempted to greet the latest book on China with a suspicious "I wonder what fly-by-night journalist thinks that he really understands China and at long last is in a position to give the world that 'long-awaited' and 'complete inside picture' of nearly one-fourth of this earth's inhabitants."

One would hardly place Emily Hahn in this class, for she has lived for several years in China and has been in a position to get closer to the main theme of her book than any other recent writer with the possible exception of Pearl Buck.

In *The Soong Sisters*, she gives us a splendid picture of three of the most outstanding women in modern Chinese history. We are introduced to them as Eling, Chingling and Mayling, little daughters of Charlie Soong, ardent revolutionist and close friend of Sun Yat-sen. We follow them through their period of education and adjustment in America. We see them in China, developing in widely different ways as Madame Kung, wife of China's finance minister, Madame Sun Yat-sen, wife of the founder of the Chinese Republic, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the great Generalissimo.

Emily Hahn, in portraying these three famous sisters as symbolic of the divergent political currents of modern China, with Madame Sun on the Communistic left, Madame Kung on the traditional and conservative right and Madame Chiang in the dynamic yet puzzling center, has tried to explain the essential elements of these distinct political trends. We suspect, however, that this task proved so difficult, yet so absorbing that its proper treat-

ment would certainly obscure the warm, human story of three Soongs, that the writer was simply forced to say continually—"On with the story."

Some day, in the not too distant future, a great historical biographer of the Belloc type will provide us with a fully documented explanation of those three distinct political currents that have largely helped to shape the lives of these three remarkable women.

Meanwhile, Emily Hahn has provided us with a very readable, colorful and interesting book, one that should help to change the ignorant American's still popular conception of the Chinese as laundrymen.

JOHN J. O'FARRELL

RECKON WITH THE RIVER. By Clark McMeekin. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.50

THE very unusual heroine of this heartening novel is eighty years old when the story begins in the year 1805. Her fine old home is in Cherry Valley, New York. More than sixty years before, during the French and Indian wars, the Major and Ma'am Cambrin had settled here and made their home. She is alone now, the Major and their three sons having been killed on the battlefields. Her servants think she is dying, but they have not reckoned with the strength and vitality of this pioneer woman. In her prayer book, she finds an old birch-bark map of a grant to some silver mines, somewhere in Kentucky.

From then on, things begin to happen. Ma'am Cambrin sells her farm, takes her grand-nephew and his family down the Ohio River to find the silver mines. The exciting events of the next two or three years make a splendid tale of adventure, intrigue and constructive pioneering work.

While Ma'am Cambrin is the central character, her two lovely young grand-nieces supply the love interest. Of course, there is a villain, the hot pursuit of a little lost pillow and a surprise ending. The characters are fine, sturdy people accomplishing heroic tasks under great difficulty. There is everything in the story to make a good old-fashioned melodrama, including a smoothly drawn study of Aaron Burr, who wanders in and out of the story. But there is more than that—there is the family co-operation and the creative work of homesteading.

The two authors, Dorothy Park Clark and Isabel McLennon McMeekin, who collaborated in writing this sparkling novel, live in Kentucky and are themselves of pioneer stock. This second novel of theirs ought to be an antidote for the spring doldrums.

CATHERINE MURPHY

THE GOLD RUSHES. By W. P. Morrell. The Macmillan Co. \$3

THIS is a work of scholarship despite the romantic title. After sketching ancient and medieval gold mining and outlining Spain's capture of the natives' gold hoards in the New World, the author describes the rush of gold miners to new fields. Anyone interested in Brazil, Siberia, California, British Columbia, Australia, South Africa or Alaska, will find pay dirt in chapters covering each territory as it was racked by gold fever. Such scholastic placer mining would itself be worth the price of the book, but for the reader with a little capital of patience and effort there is a mother lode of world history in this volume.

Two themes transcend the local dramas and adventures in the gold fields: the technical development of mining and the social effects of the discoveries. The remote eighteenth-century mines of Brazil were worked by slave labor with methods inferior to those developed in Germany two centuries before. The maximum of democracy and license appeared in the California camps where the men made their own mining regulations and set up their own law and order. In the British possessions, the colonial officers demanded mining permits and fixed the size of claims as quickly and ably as they established order. Nature in South Africa required large outlays of capital before she would yield her best

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treasures of diamonds and gold, and President Krueger of the Transvaal preferred the capitalists to the small claim holder. Cecil Rhodes, chief of the Kimberly capitalists, was the leading spirit in ending Boer rule. Gold rushes always had such ironical effects.

Mr. Morrell, reader in history in the University of London, has made a fine contribution to "The Pioneer Histories." There is a good map and a select, annotated bibliography for each chapter.

JAMES A. MACKIN

SAINT PATRICK. By Hugh De Blacam. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.25

THERE are two compelling reasons why this book should be widely acclaimed: it is a biography of St. Patrick, and it is a good one. There are so many who love St. Patrick; but often the case is parallel to that of the late-lamented Dr. Fell: the reason why, we cannot tell—it is little enough we know about him. This book, brief and very readable, gives us a reason for the love that is in us, for out of its pages arises a clear, satisfying picture of the man. We meet Patrick, a rugged, homely man, tender and strong; we meet him in his moments of blunt simplicity, acute sensitivity, deep mysticism, driving energy, calm certainty; above all, we meet Patrick with his heart full of love for his God and his Ireland.

It is a popular biography. There was no heavy pressure on the pen that wrote it—yet it is done with scholarly taste. The sources of St. Patrick's life are few and problematic, yet the author has deftly sifted the evidence, so that we continually feel the foundations solid beneath us as we read. The legendary is always noted as such, and is used only to show how aptly the fabulous details symbolize some kernel of fact.

Patrick humbly wrote the dozen autobiographical pages of his glorious *Confession* for this purpose: "Though I am imperfect, I wish my brethren and kinsfolk to know the kind of me." But those pages were all too brief and reticent. Mr. De Blacam has delved beneath their surface to find the character of the man who wrote them, and has filled in the gaps that Patrick left. If Patrick's brethren and kinsfolk today will read this book, they will know the kind of him.

CHARLES MC MANUS

IN GREAT WATERS. By Jeremiah Digges. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

IN 1934 the author went to live in Provincetown, Massachusetts. As a result of the books he wrote during his five years there, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write *In Great Waters*, the story of the Portuguese fishermen. He then moved to Rockport, and from there went on many trips with the fishermen of Gloucester so that he came to know them and the hardships of their life at first hand. This personal touch has given him an understanding of the great courage of these men and of their affinity with the sea; it has brought him eye-witness accounts of trawlers sunk by submarines during the first World War, of schooners run down by ocean liners, of gallant and daring rescues during storms.

But the book is primarily an historical study of fishing, during the last five hundred years, in the waters extending from the Grand Banks off Newfoundland to Georges Bank southeast of Cape Cod; yes, five hundred years, for there were fishermen on the Grand Banks long before Columbus came to America. There are accounts of line storms which drove ships half way across the Atlantic, of the brutality suffered on whaling ships by poor wretches from the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, of wrecks on the treacherous back shore of Cape Cod, of the destruction of the *Perth Amboy* by the German U-156 on July 21, 1918, in sight of bathers on the beach at Orleans, Mass.

It is a competent study developing an important chapter in our history. If only the author had the touch of genius that would make it all throb with life, what a grand, thrilling book would have resulted!

MARY L. DUNN

MUSIC

JENNY LIND made her first New York concert appearance under Barnum's management at the old Castle Garden which has since become the Aquarium on the historic Battery. Considering the inconvenience that many of our former noted singers were compelled to undergo, the present generation are fortunate that they can perform in modern, well heated, acoustically perfect concert halls.

For example, Town Hall has become a national institution. Every Thursday evening for twenty-six weeks each season, it reaches millions through its radio program, "America's Town Meeting of the Air."

Town Hall was not originally planned for music. Political education was to have been its dominant aim. The auditorium was found to have such a congenial atmosphere as a recital hall that during the present season from October to June, three hundred concerts will have taken place, eighty-five of them by vocalists.

Concert managers generally advise that the best way for a singer to start a career is to give a New York recital and many debutantes choose Town Hall for this purpose. Recognized artists as well, such as Traubel, Robeson or Alexander Kipnis, consider this a favorite hall in which to make their annual New York bow.

The music critics rarely fail to cover all Town Hall concerts and to a great extent the artists' success depends on the newspaper reviews. For this reason many concert artists are fearful of New York appearances. In the past few years several concert and radio singers of reputation have given ill-advised Town Hall recitals that have ruined their careers. Some of the reasons for derogatory newspaper criticism were badly chosen programs, faulty preparation or a small voice fitted for the microphone, but not for the concert hall.

Even though it is thought that the New York appearance is necessary to a career, it cannot be made a rule. Some artists are successful without good New York criticisms. As an example, Helen Jepson, who has been singing throughout the country for the past five years, has never given a Town Hall recital and we must not forget another singer, Grace Moore, whose success is now a legend. After many years of concert work, she will appear in Town Hall for the first time next winter.

Program building should be given every attention and the young singer should pay heed to this important detail. One singer whose annual Town Hall program is watched with great interest is Povla Frijsh. She has been singing for many years and is well known in Europe, but New York audiences have a special regard for her unique art. With a diminishing voice, she still maintains her place in the top rank of song interpreters. She believes that humor should be a part of her programs.

This past season she chose a song called *Recuerdo*, by Castelnuovo-Tedesco. The next, written by Edna St. Vincent Millay, tells about a boy and a girl on a ferry boat who ride back and forth eating pears because they cannot afford more and have only five cents left for the subway. Mme. Frijsh also programmed songs by De La Fosse, Bruneau, Fevrier, Poulenc, Rosenthal, Stravinsky, Henriques and Backer-Groendahl. Composers' names appear on her program that seldom appear elsewhere, for she chooses to stay away from the standardized program that most singers give.

It is generally considered that the Fall is the best time to give a recital, but again one cannot set rules in the musical world. Three outstanding debuts were given this past spring. Brian O'Mara, the young Irish tenor, was presented in an outstanding recital singing to a capacity audience and two American girls also scored heavily with the press. They were Martha Lipton and Ruth Reynolds.

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THEATRE

THE CIRCLE OF CHALK. It is no news to the readers of AMERICA that these comments on the activities of the New York stage must go to press more than a week in advance of their date. Neither is it news that we have had numerous weeks this Spring in which we have had no new plays. We have had promises. We have even had definite dates given us, in many instances, only to have the plays subsequently postponed. All this is new to our stage. It is also exceedingly reprehensible—the one blot on a brilliant season.

The week in which I write, being one of those weeks of postponed plays, I am able to give my attention to two very interesting productions Greenwich Village has offered us this Spring. The first was the performance of a Chinese thirteenth-century fantasy, *The Circle of Chalk*, translated by James Laver and produced at the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research.

There was something very charming about this offering. Moreover, it was enormously helped by the presence of a new rising star, Dolly Haas, a former actress and ballet dancer in Berlin. Very few young actresses in recent years have offered us a more exquisite piece of work than that which Miss Haas gave as the leading young player in the old Chinese drama. She had all it takes for success. She was extremely satisfactory to look at, and she moved with an unforgettable grace and charm. Her English, though she has been in our country only a short time, was very good and she had made a successful study of the exact quality and quantity of tone production a gifted young Chinese girl would use. She was Hai-Tang, in body, spirit and action.

In short, Dolly Haas is a very definite addition to the American theatre and next season will probably see her in a Broadway play which offers wider scope and more popular opportunities for her art. For the rest, I am glad to testify to the thoroughness with which the Dramatic Workshop prepared and produced the old Chinese play and to the amount of real ability among the assistant players. *The Circle of Chalk* is a unique offering and its production was an interesting experiment. Its real achievement, however, was the gift of Miss Haas to the American stage.

RICHELIEU. The second notable event in the Village this Spring was the appearance of Wellington Ross in Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton's good old classic *Richelieu*, in which Mr. Ross played all the twelve parts. New York has too few of such experiments. Cornelia Otis Skinner has given us our most successful ones, and now Mr. Ross is promising to set a new record. His single appearance at the Cherry Lane Theatre was merely along the line of a dress rehearsal, but he gave his audience a surprisingly clear idea of how admirable his work will be when he has shaken down, as it were, into the skins of his twelve different roles.

Thus far, and very naturally, he has concerned himself chiefly with the part of Richelieu, which he plays throughout in costume and acts with such quiet inspiration that he held a capacity audience in almost breathless attention for more than two hours. This performance was in the nature of a *tour de force*.

It was, indeed, so perfect in its way that no critic should cavil over the fact that the remaining and unseen characters were not so vital, as Mr. Ross presented them. They will be, before he is ready for his summer tour, which begins in July, and for his season among the theatres, colleges, convent schools and women's clubs next winter. They should all be ready to welcome him. He is offering them, under the direction of Edward L. Marinar, not only something new, but something thoroughly interesting and artistic.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

A WOMAN'S FACE. Rated academically, a course in Hollywood psychology as gleaned from this and other horror epics is probably equal to two years' residence in the Eden Musée. Psychology in the films, like so many other points in their world-view, is abnormal more times than not, and hence the frequent accent on distortions ranging from the simple monsters of Boris Karloff to the twisted personality of this present heroine. A girl with a horribly scarred face develops a personality to match, and falls in readily with the one mad rascal who is not repelled by her affliction. But after a surgeon, whose wife she has been blackmailing, operates successfully on the criminal, she has an appropriate change of heart. But her partner in crime must finally be removed to prevent the murder of a child for an inheritance. To say that George Cukor makes the most of his opportunity to startle and shock is to remark the obvious, and when his direction is most effective, the film itself is least attractive. Divorce and murder are active ingredients in the morbid history, and while they can be fitted into a fairly harmless pattern of incident, their motivation requires too many distinctions for the casual moviegoer. Joan Crawford is excellent, proving the value of a good scar, and Conrad Veidt is roundly sinister, but the film on the whole is rather decadent entertainment for adults. (MGM)

THEY DARE NOT LOVE. Good melodrama, being a hardy species, may survive even liberal doses of propaganda, but this film is not a good melodrama. It has all the superficial slickness of the machine age but a routine plot such as used to crop up in Graustarkian romances until Hitler took all the fun out of spy fantasy. An Austrian prince escapes the Nazi invasion of his country and makes his way to America. He attempts to save some of his countrymen from concentration camps by returning voluntarily, but he is in process of being duped when a British destroyer happens on the scene and suggests a reasonably happy ending. James Whale's direction lacks the ideological spark which usually ignites these things, and the drum-beating, in blunt dialog, is more soporific than stirring. Martha Scott manages to carry off some honors against a flimsy tale and a talkative pace, but even she is undone by moments of artificial gaiety. Paul Lukas and George Brent are unobjectionable in a flat fairytale for adults. (Columbia)

THE LADY FROM LOUISIANA. The layers of atmosphere on this fluffy recreation of the sentimental South suggest a poor man's version of *Gone with the Wind*, but the plot structure is as modern and rigid as a gangster melodrama, and about as interesting. Bernard Vorhaus has directed the piece with too much fidelity to the leisurely pace of nineteenth-century New Orleans, as the story throws a crusading lawyer into conflict with the racketeering father of his sweetheart. The father's demise and a few explanations cause the young lady to assist the lawyer in his court fight against the lottery racket. Ona Munson heads a capable cast including John Wayne, Ray Middleton, Henry Stephenson and Helen Westley, but the picture is only fair adult diversion. (Republic)

BIG BOSS. Orphaned brothers who are parted in childhood meet later on opposite sides of the law with fatal regularity according to the movie rule, and, as usual, the false brother of this version relents in time to spare the righteous governor the choice between family loyalty and stern duty. Otto Kruger, who deserves better of the screen, is the chief casualty of this trite tale, with Gloria Dickson faring about the same. Adults will find it passable. (Columbia)

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EVENTS

INFANTS, left to themselves, fall easily into disastrous errors. . . . They chew coal, they stick their fingers into fires, they throw sticks of dynamite carelessly around, if it is available, and cry "Ga, ga," as the explosive strikes the floor. . . . When mother is not around and a bottle of poison is, the typical infant, more probably than not, will head for the poison and swallow it. . . . Whether they are bright or dumb makes little difference. Infants just cannot negotiate the first impact of life without unceasing care and guidance. . . . Adults never lose sight of that fact. If they did, it would be just too bad for the babies. . . . But adults do lose sight of another fact, the fact that they themselves are merely older babies with respect to the later impact of life, elderly babies who cannot successfully negotiate that later impact without the constant care and guidance of a universal Mother. . . . There is a universal Mother provided by God. It is called the Catholic Church, but most of the older babies (known generally as grown-ups or adults) will have none of her. . . . As a result, they are always making a mess of that larger nursery, the world. . . . And what a mess! . . . It makes little difference whether the adults are intellectually gifted or not. History shows they cannot successfully manage the world when separated from the care and guidance of their Mother. . . . Take a peep at the latest exhibit—the world of 1941. That's the kind of playground the grown-up babies make when they operate on their own. . . . They are always poking their fingers into social and spiritual fires, forever drinking social and spiritual poison, constantly tossing spiritual dynamite and crying out: "Ga, ga, ain't we the great liberals." . . .

The younger infants never petition State Legislatures for laws against "reactionary mothers" who prevent their offspring from drinking physical poison. . . . But the older babies are forever petitioning for laws that will permit spiritual poison. . . . The older babies are possessed by a strange mania to prevent human life or to knock it off when prevention has failed. . . . The Euthanasia Society of America is now disseminating a letter. Euthanasia, or "mercy-killing," is a euphemistic name for homicide. The Society wants the laws changed to allow this particular form of bumping people off. The letter reads in part: ". . . our laws at present prohibit the administration of euthanasia, even at the urgent pleading of the sufferer." It is amazing how many big-name doctors are supporting the movement. Attached to the letter is a statement signed by a multitude of non-Catholic ministers of religion which asserts that euthanasia "should not be regarded as contrary to the teachings of Christ or to the principles of Christianity." . . . Murder is not opposed to the principles of Christianity! . . . Could two-year-old infants think up a worse howler than that? . . . Why is it that all these mad doctrines which imperil civilization always emanate from outside the Catholic Church, never from inside? . . . Why is it we never see anything like this: "We, the undersigned, Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church urge legislatures to legalize the wholesale prevention of offspring, the murder of unborn infants and the murder of sick persons. In our opinion, these particular forms of murder should not be regarded as contrary to the teachings of Christ?" . . .

Why is there never anything like that from any Catholic grown-ups in any part of the world? . . . Is it because Catholic adults (the older Catholic babies) are brighter than the non-Catholic ones? . . . No, that is not it. . . . The reason is: the older Catholic babies are still with their Mother. The older non-Catholic infants have run away from their Mother.

THE PARADER